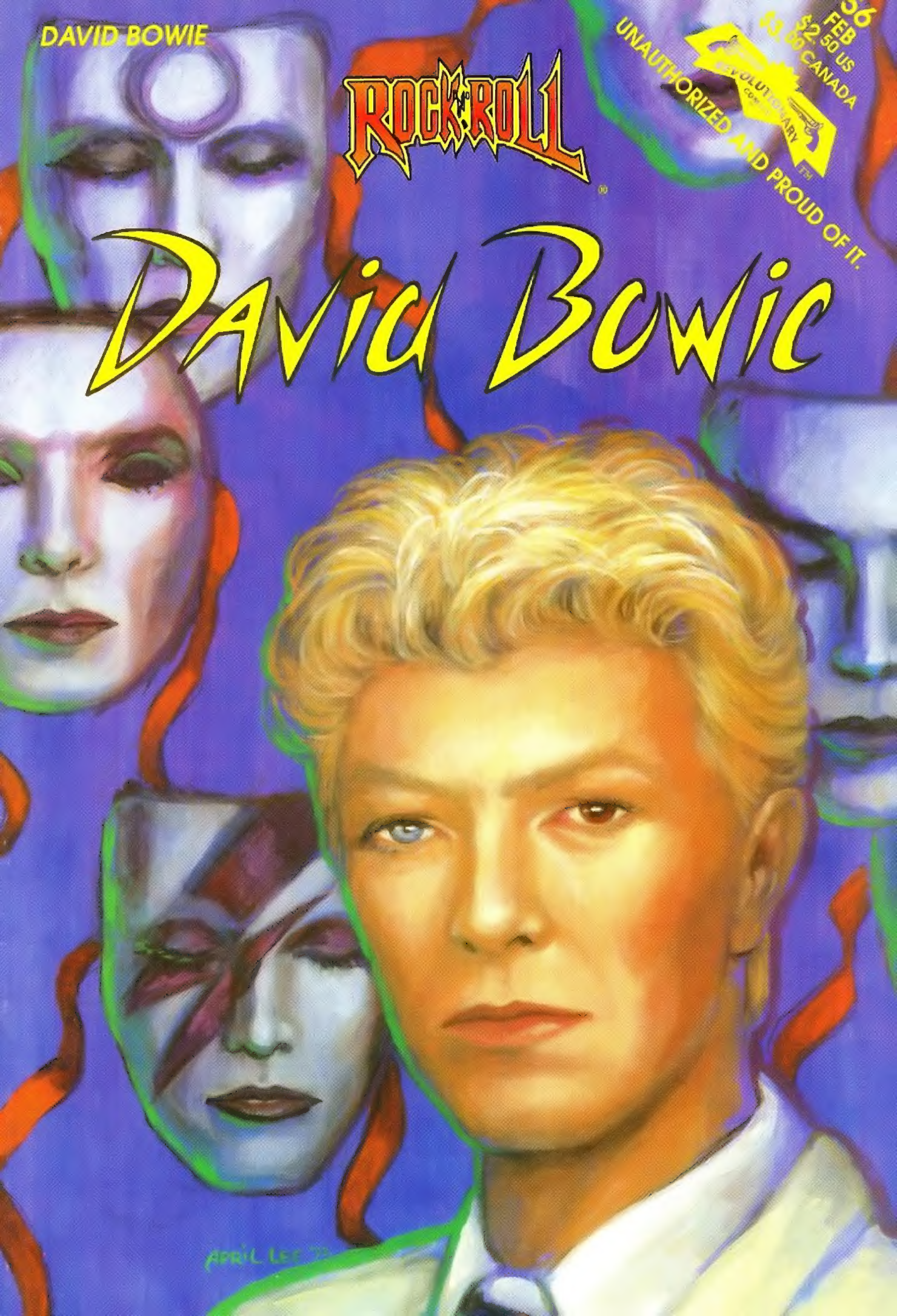
DAVID BOWIE
ROCK 'N' ROLL
David Bowie
56
FEB
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REVOLUTIONARY COMICS
UNAUTHORIZED AND PROUD OF IT.
APRIL LEE

FOR THE RECORD

Roger Waters:
Monkey on David's Back

by Jay Allen Sanford

IT'S JUST NOT FAIR. The pale imitation band calling itself Pink Floyd goes on sellout tours, raking in millions, while the band's founder and neural brain-center, Roger Waters, finds himself a nearly anonymous industry ghost (his high profile production of "The Wall" in Berlin notwithstanding).

His newest effort is merely brilliant, a simian-eye-view of humanity (and inhumanity), all at once perplexing and revelational. Legendary fretmeister Jeff Beck (reportedly as temperamental as Roger--ah, to be a fly on *that* studio wall) lends a hand on a few tracks, including the lyrical opener "What God Wants, Part 1." The tale of the LP revolves around an ape watching TV after mankind has destroyed itself presumably (battery powered VCR?), as *he's* being watched by an alien explorer. The message our dead civilization has left behind to mark its theology seems to be "God wants peace, God wants war, God wants famine, God wants chain stores."

"Perfect Sense" parts 1 and 2 is a cursory, spitwad of a history lesson, punctuated by the carnival barker shrill of NBA sportscaster Marv Albert (never know who's gonna show up on a Waters album). As in all of Roger's work since Dark Side of the Moon, repeating musical motifs weave in and out of the tonal fabric, creating a symphonic patter and complexity. Okay, so the intrusive sound effects are somewhat non-musical, they are still quite cinematic, as in the apocalyptic crash which opens "Late Home Tonight, Part II," about a bomber pilot so enraptured by flight that he ignores his mission of death. Yes, that mythic and swarthy Floyd sound is intact here, due in part to the orchestral texture added by frequent Pink co-conspirator Michael Kamen.

"Too Much Rope" provides our central theme here:

"Moslem or Christian Mullah or Pope, preacher or poet, who was it wrote, Give any one species too much rope, and they'll f--k it up."

The one-sided and misleading TV coverage of war, in particular the Gulf fiasco which many mistakenly think the Americans won (if we won, why are so many people still dying, and why is Saddam back in business?), comes in for some serious Waters bashing, and rightfully so. Then, surprise surprise, an optimistic note. "It's A Miracle" sports uncharacteristically hopeful lines like "An honest family man finally reaped what he had sown, a farmer in Ohio has just repaid a loan, it's a miracle."

All in all, a fabulously thought provoking and atmospheric LP, all the more surprising when one realizes that co-producer Patrick Leonard is a songwriter for, of all people, Madonna (!?). About the album, Roger says "It's characterized theatrically as a gorilla watching television, but it's about the relationship between human beings and telecommunications. And about my concern that foreign policy is drifting into realms where it provides folks back home with a panacea of entertainment as opposed to trying to improve matters."

Weighty subjects, indeed.

And I, for one, am glad to see someone of his articulation tackling them, in a musical forum no less (the most pervasively influential youth barometer this side of comicbooks).

"But on eliminating every other reason, for our sad demise,

they logged the only explanation left,

this species has amused itself to death."

Now this is music with feeling! With heart and meaning, import and point of view.

Which brings us, in my typically meandering way, to the new music of David Bowie. It isn't hard to figure out why this issue mainly focuses on his 70's work. Around the time of *Let's Dance*, I think that Bowie lost his soul. Flushed it, said goodbye, became so enraptured with his calculated distance that he'd forever lost touch with his real self, David Jones. The comic story shows it happening. Hell, reality shows it happening. With no arrows slung at the glorious work he did in his debut decade, I feel that most of his subsequent music weakly mirrors his glory days. A bloated Glass Spider? A jet roar Tin Machine? The Tina Turner-haired *Labyrinth* villain.

David, what happened? To quote Mr. Waters: Is there anybody *in* there?

Revolutionary Comics welcomes questions, comments and criticism from our readers. Address letters to: Revolutionary Comics, 9528 Miramar Road #213, San Diego, CA 92126.

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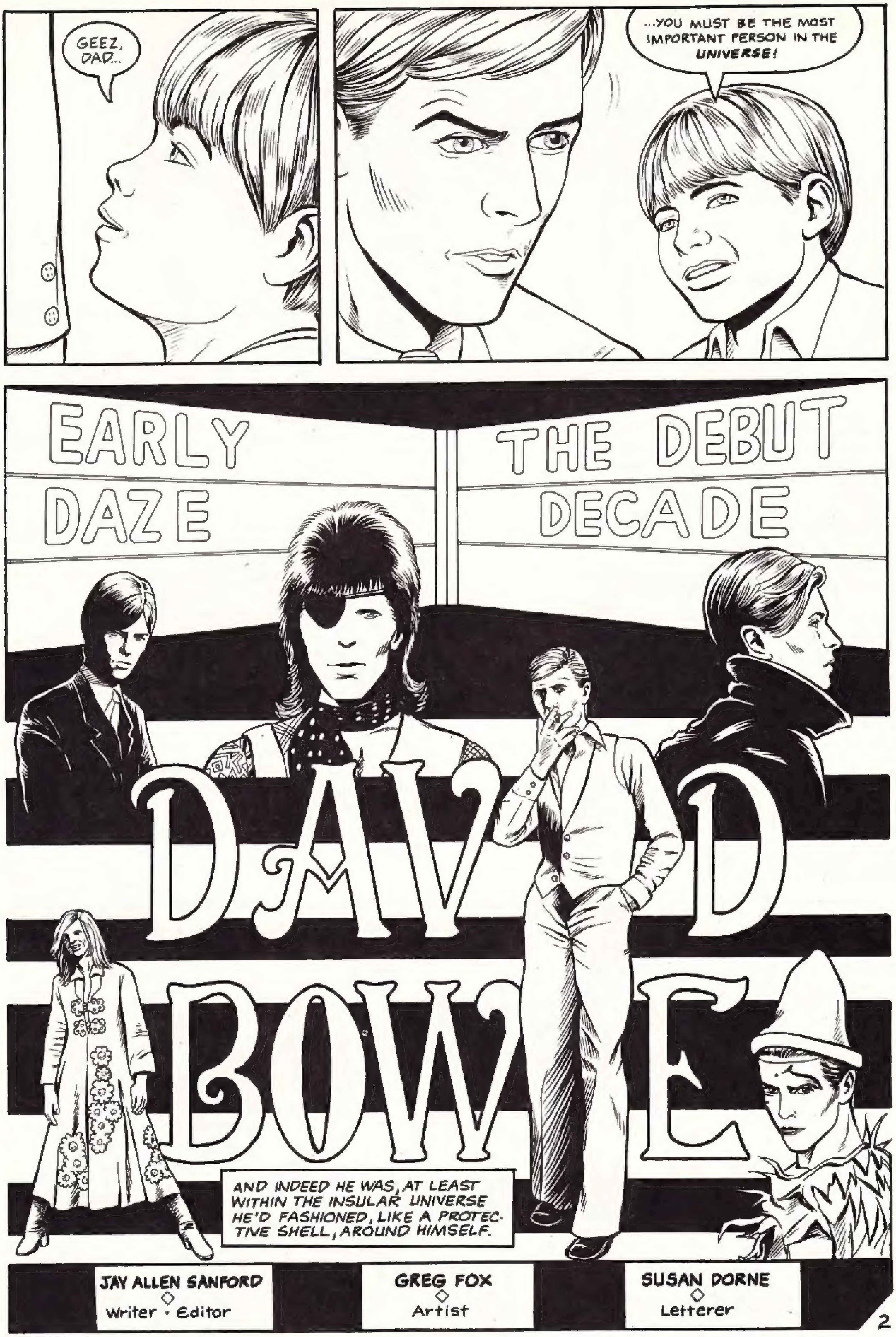
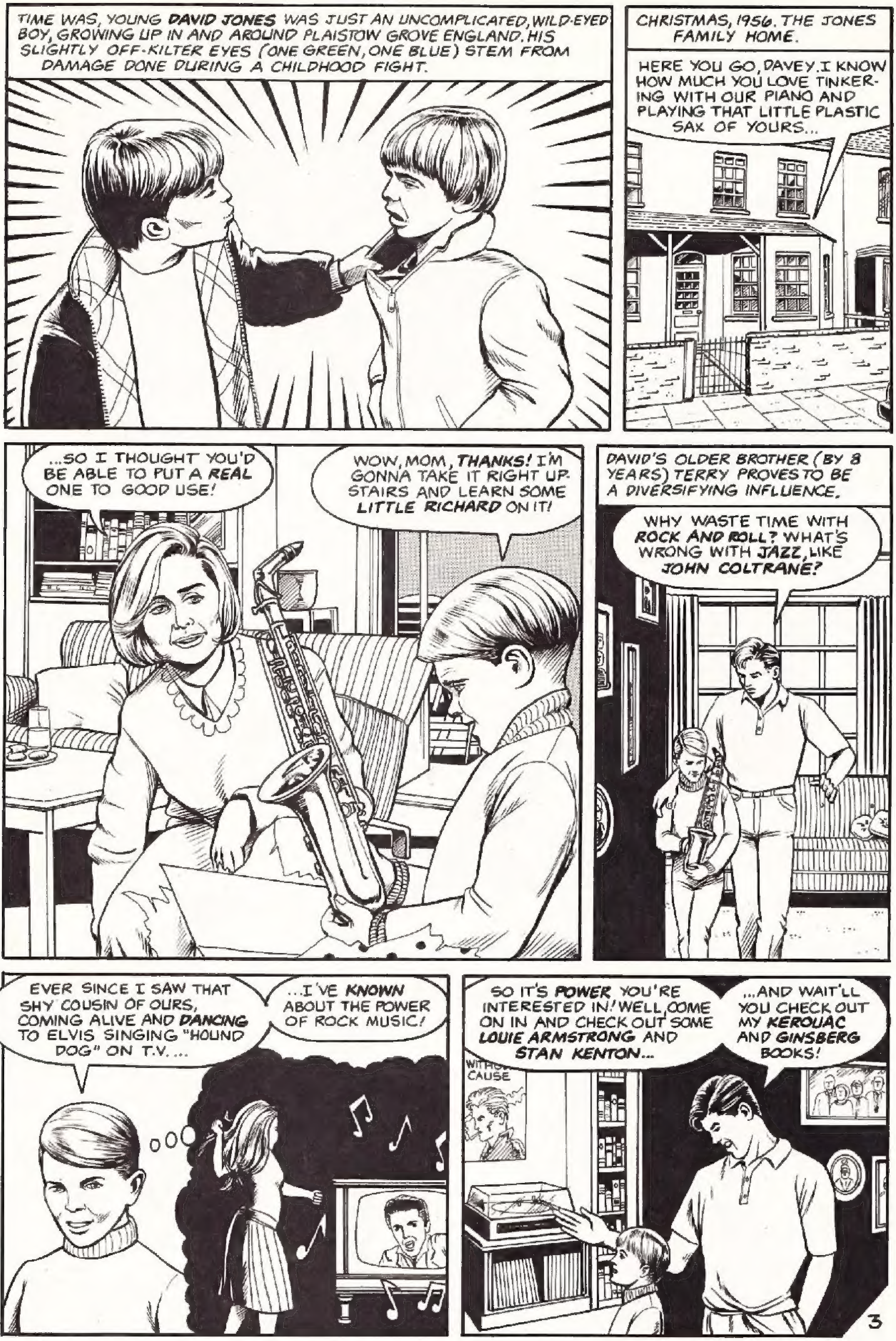
SWITZERLAND, EARLY 1980.
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT ANGIE WOULD PUT ME THROUGH THIS PUBLIC HUMILIATION!
DIVORCE IS SO... IGNOBLE! I KNOW THAT WE CORDIALLY AGREED TO DO THIS... EVEN MADE LOVE ON THE NIGHT WE AGREED TO SPLIT... BUT I CAN'T BEAR ALL THIS ATTENTION FOCUSSED ON MY PRIVATE LIFE!
AT LEAST I'VE GOT CUSTODY OF YOU, ZOWIE! WE'LL GO TO AMERICA TOGETHER. I SAW THIS LOVELY OFF-BROADWAY PRODUCTION OF THE ELEPHANT MAN, AND THE DIRECTOR'S INVITED ME TO TAKE OVER THE LEAD ROLE!
DAD...
...THE SUPER CREEPS ARE BACK!
IS WHAT ANGIE SAYS, ABOUT YOU TWO NOT SLEEPING TOGETHER FOR FIVE YEARS, TRUE?
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT YOU BEING ASKED TO PLAY YOURSELF IN A GERMAN VERSION OF "GO ASK ALICE"?
ARE YOU STILL ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH YOUR MUSICAL PARTNER, BRIAN ENO?
ARE YOU STILL BI-SEXUAL?
WHAT WERE YOU DOING, DRAWING PICTURES IN A NOTEBOOK AT THE JOHN MERRICK MUSEUM?
IF YOU ARE, WANNA GO SOMEPLACE PRIVATE?

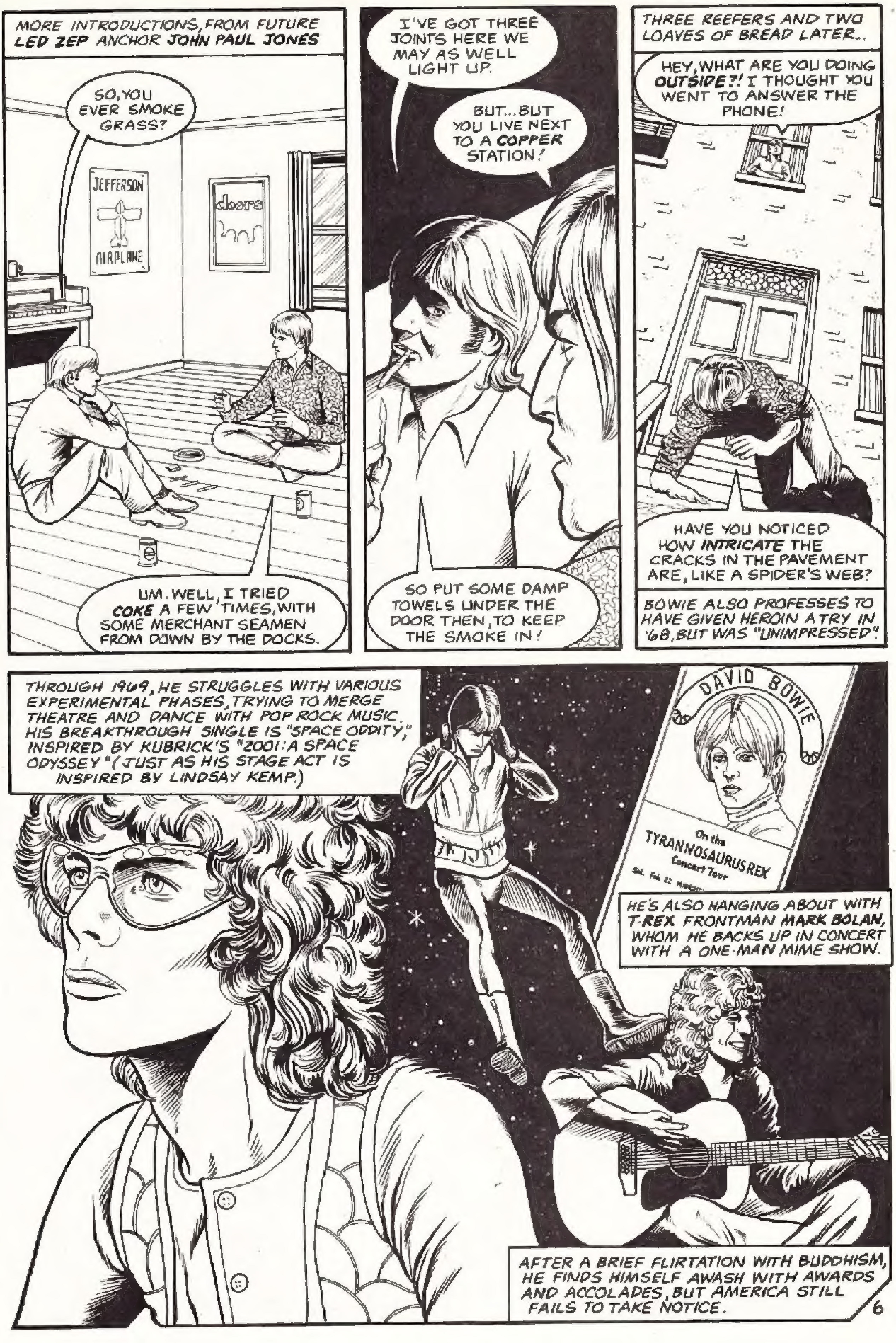

GEEZ, DAD...
...YOU MUST BE THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN THE UNIVERSE!
EARLY DAZE
THE DEBUT DECADE
DAVID BOWIE
AND INDEED HE WAS, AT LEAST WITHIN THE INSULAR UNIVERSE HE'D FASHIONED, LIKE A PROTECTIVE SHELL, AROUND HIMSELF.
JAY ALLEN SANFORD ◇ Writer · Editor
GREG FOX ◇ Artist
SUSAN DORNE ◇ Letterer

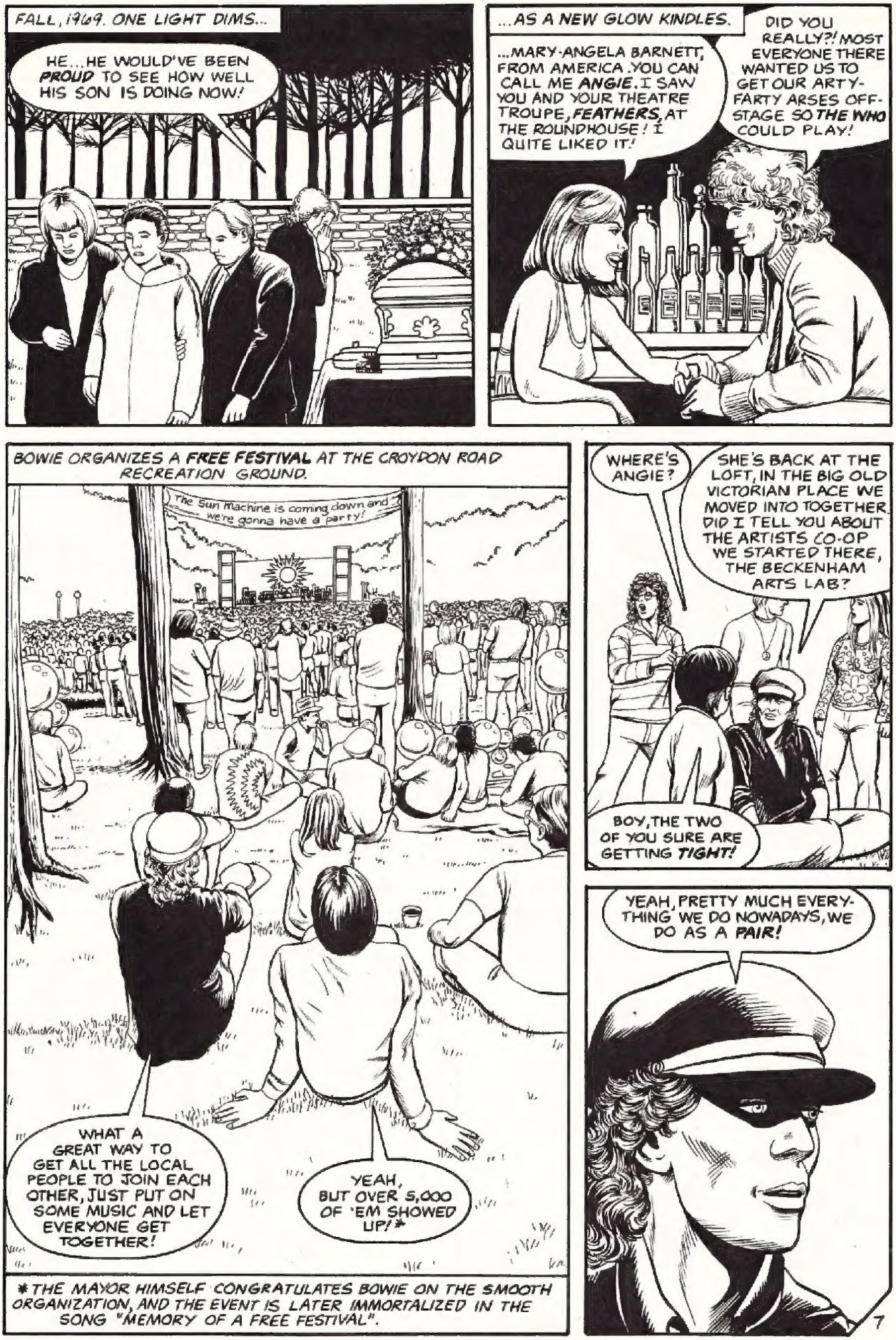


TIME WAS, YOUNG DAVID JONES WAS JUST AN UNCOMPLICATED, WILD-EYED BOY, GROWING UP IN AND AROUND PLAISTOW GROVE ENGLAND. HIS SLIGHTLY OFF-KILTER EYES (ONE GREEN, ONE BLUE) STEM FROM DAMAGE DONE DURING A CHILDHOOD FIGHT.
CHRISTMAS, 1956. THE JONES FAMILY HOME.
HERE YOU GO, DAVEY. I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU LOVE TINKERING WITH OUR PIANO AND PLAYING THAT LITTLE PLASTIC SAX OF YOURS...
...SO I THOUGHT YOU'D BE ABLE TO PUT A REAL ONE TO GOOD USE!
WOW, MOM, THANKS! I'M GONNA TAKE IT RIGHT UPSTAIRS AND LEARN SOME LITTLE RICHARD ON IT!
DAVID'S OLDER BROTHER (BY 8 YEARS) TERRY PROVES TO BE A DIVERSIFYING INFLUENCE.
WHY WASTE TIME WITH ROCK AND ROLL? WHAT'S WRONG WITH JAZZ, LIKE JOHN COLTRANE?
EVER SINCE I SAW THAT SHY COUSIN OF OURS, COMING ALIVE AND DANCING TO ELVIS SINGING "HOUND DOG" ON T.V. ...
...I'VE KNOWN ABOUT THE POWER OF ROCK MUSIC!
SO IT'S POWER YOU'RE INTERESTED IN! WELL, COME ON IN AND CHECK OUT SOME LOUIE ARMSTRONG AND STAN KENTON...
...AND WAIT'LL YOU CHECK OUT MY KEROUAC AND GINSBERG BOOKS!
CAUSE

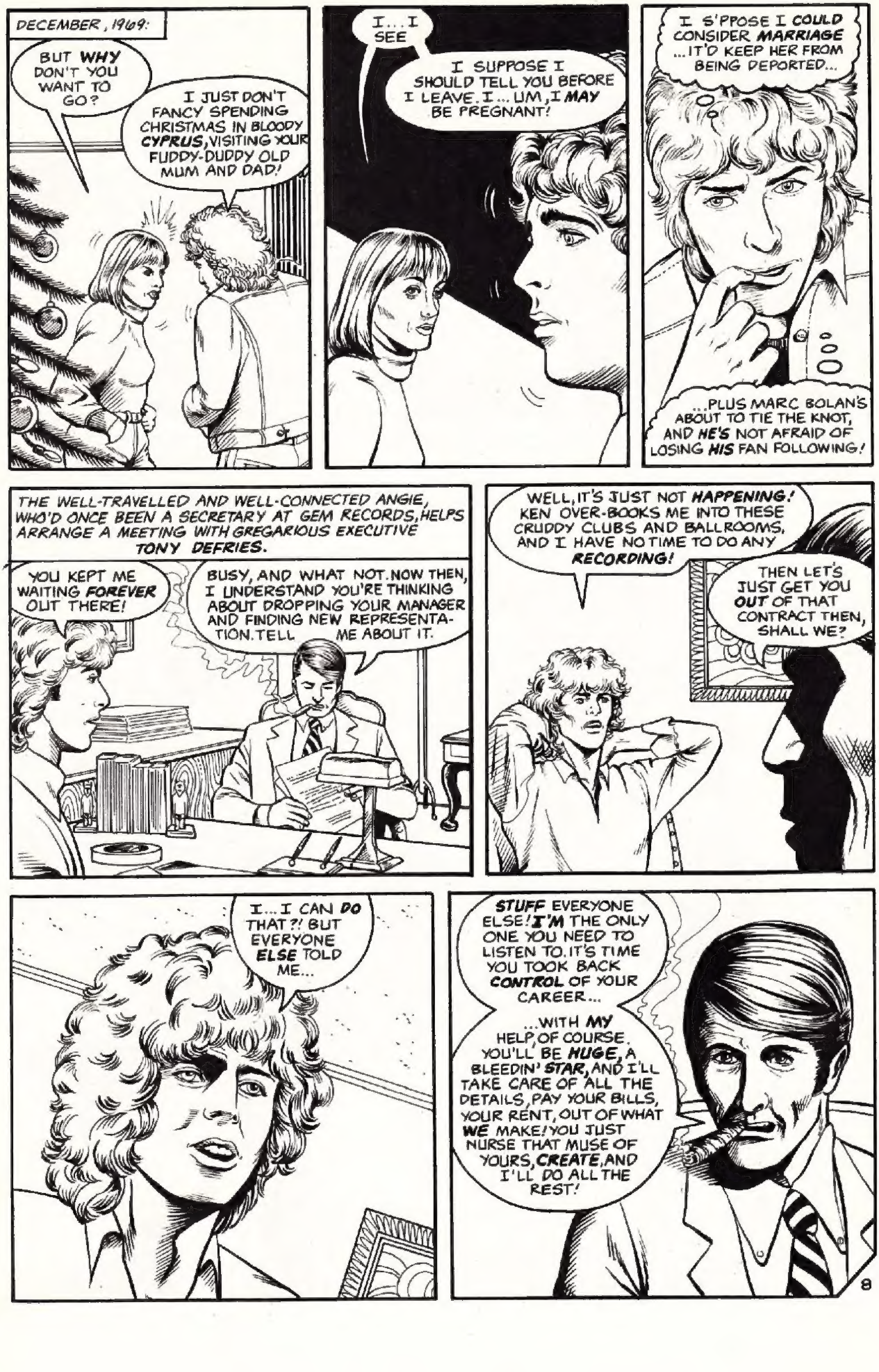
AFTER CATCHING A LITTLE RICHARD SHOW IN '63, DAVID PLEDGES HIS DEVOTION WHOLLY TO ROCK, PICKING UP A GUITAR AND PLAYING WITH A SERIES OF LOCAL BANDS.
HE STUDIES ART AT BROMLEY TECH, EVEN WORKING BRIEFLY AT AN AD AGENCY, BUT MUSIC DOMINATES HIS LIFE. HE EVEN DOES A LITTLE RECORDING, WITH THE KING BEES IN 1964...
...AS WELL AS WITH SUBSEQUENT BANDS LIKE THE MANISH BOYS AND DAVID JONES AND THE LOWER THIRD.
A BRITISH T.V. APPEARANCE IS SCHEDULED, ON GADZOOKS! IT'S ALL HAPPENING!
BUT THAT GIRLY HAIR OF YOURS WILL HAVE TO GO BEFORE WE LET YOU GO ON. DON'T YOU KNOW ANY DECENT BARBERS?
?!?
THE FANS LET THEIR OPINIONS BE HEARD, AFTER A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT FROM THE BAND'S MANAGER.
FAIR!!
HAIR
HAIR POWER!
LET DAVID PLAY!
IN SEPTEMBER, 1965, DAVID JONES AND THE LOWER THIRD ARE PLAYING A SUNDAY AFTERNOON SET AT THE MARQUEE CLUB, ALONG WITH HIGH NUMBERS (LATER KNOWN AS THE WHO).
EXCELLENT SET! I'M KEN PIT, A PUBLICIST...
SURE, I KNOW YOU. THE KINKS SAY THAT YOU PROPPED 'EM UP QUITE A BIT!
'EY, ROGER, 'OW COME HE'S NOT TALKING TO US, THE HEADLINERS!?

PIT SIGNS DAVID TO A FIVE-YEAR MANAGEMENT CONTRACT, AND OUR FUTURE STAR TAKES HIS FIRST FALTERING STEPS TOWARD FAME... BY MAKING HIS INITIAL BREAK FROM HIS DULL, UNSENSATIONAL PAST.
I FANCY CHANGING MY NAME, KEN, AND I WANT TO DO IT NOW, SO IT APPEARS ON THE NEW LOWER THIRD SINGLE.
WHAT, ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT THAT LAD FROM THE NEW AMERICAN GROUP, THE MONKEES?
15
Pick one for ever!
YEAH, WHAT BOLLOCKS, A BUNCH OF ACTORS PRETENDING TO BE THE BEATLES! IF SOME WANKER'S GOING TO USE MY NAME, THEN I'LL NEED A NEW ONE THAT NOBODY IS LIKELY TO TURN UP...
AND SO IT'S DAVID BOWIE WHO, IN EARLY 1967, SIGNS WITH DECCA RECORDS. SOLO SINGLES AND A FOLKSY LP SOON FOLLOW.
THE LOWER THIRD GIVES WAY TO THE BUZZ, BUT IT'S MAINLY, SIMPLY, DAVID BOWIE WHO IS PACKING HOUSES AT THE MARQUEE AND ELSEWHERE. HE ALSO PLAYS A BIT ROLE IN A FILM, THE VIRGIN SOLDIERS.
AROUND THE SAME TIME, THE 19 YEAR-OLD SINGER IS STUDYING THEATRE AND PERFORMING WITH INFLUENTIAL MIME ARTIST LINDSAY KEMP, AND KEMP'S OFFBEAT TROUPE.
YOU'LL FIND THAT MAKEUP ALLOWS YOU TO PHYSICALLY TRANSFORM YOURSELF, LIKE A NEWLY BORN BUTTERFLY EMERGING FROM ITS STALE CALCIFIED COCOON!
PLEASE, LOVE, BRUCE HERE REFUSES TO ALLOW ME TO USE THAT SMASHING STUDDED BRASSIERE!
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, LINDSAY. THE BITCH NEVER GAVE ME BACK MY FISHNETS!
HUH?! THOSE...THOSE ARE MEN!
AREN'T THEY?
IT'S KEMP WHO INTRODUCES BOWIE TO THE CAMP, BI-SEXUAL SUB-CULTURE.

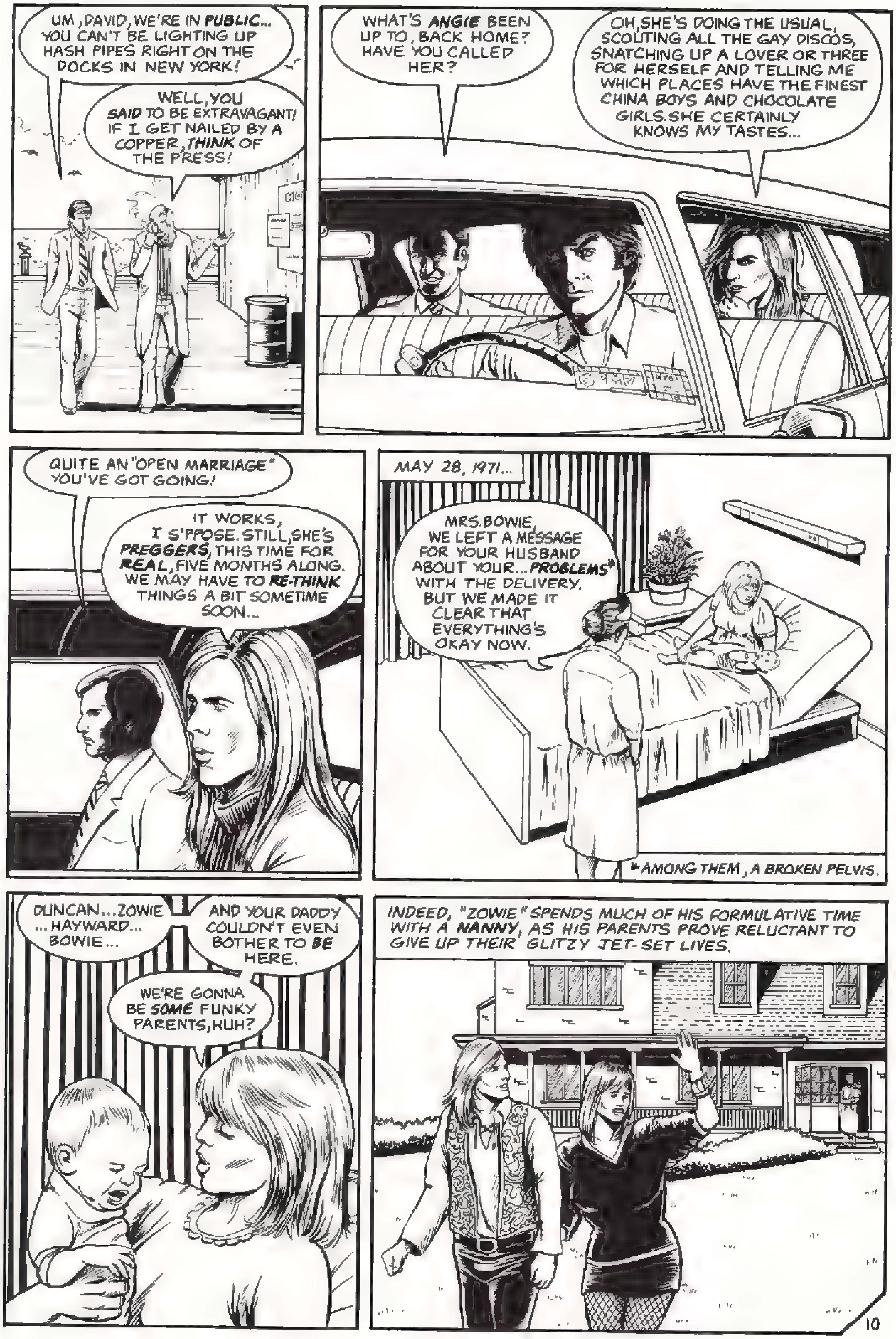

MORE INTRODUCTIONS, FROM FUTURE LED ZEP ANCHOR JOHN PAUL JONES
SO, YOU EVER SMOKE GRASS?
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
doors
UM. WELL, I TRIED COKE A FEW TIMES, WITH SOME MERCHANT SEAMEN FROM DOWN BY THE DOCKS.
I'VE GOT THREE JOINTS HERE WE MAY AS WELL LIGHT UP.
BUT...BUT YOU LIVE NEXT TO A COPPER STATION!
SO PUT SOME DAMP TOWELS UNDER THE DOOR THEN, TO KEEP THE SMOKE IN!
THREE REEFERS AND TWO LOAVES OF BREAD LATER..
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUTSIDE?! I THOUGHT YOU WENT TO ANSWER THE PHONE!
HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW INTRICATE THE CRACKS IN THE PAVEMENT ARE, LIKE A SPIDER'S WEB?
BOWIE ALSO PROFESSES TO HAVE GIVEN HEROIN A TRY IN '68, BUT WAS "UNIMPRESSED".
THROUGH 1969, HE STRUGGLES WITH VARIOUS EXPERIMENTAL PHASES, TRYING TO MERGE THEATRE AND DANCE WITH POP ROCK MUSIC. HIS BREAKTHROUGH SINGLE IS "SPACE ODDITY," INSPIRED BY KUBRICK'S "2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY" (JUST AS HIS STAGE ACT IS INSPIRED BY LINDSAY KEMP.)
DAVID BOWIE
On the TYRANNOSAURUS REX Concert Tour
HE'S ALSO HANGING ABOUT WITH T-REX FRONTMAN MARK BOLAN, WHOM HE BACKS UP IN CONCERT WITH A ONE-MAN MIME SHOW.
AFTER A BRIEF FLIRTATION WITH BUDDHISM, HE FINDS HIMSELF AWASH WITH AWARDS AND ACCOLADES, BUT AMERICA STILL FAILS TO TAKE NOTICE.

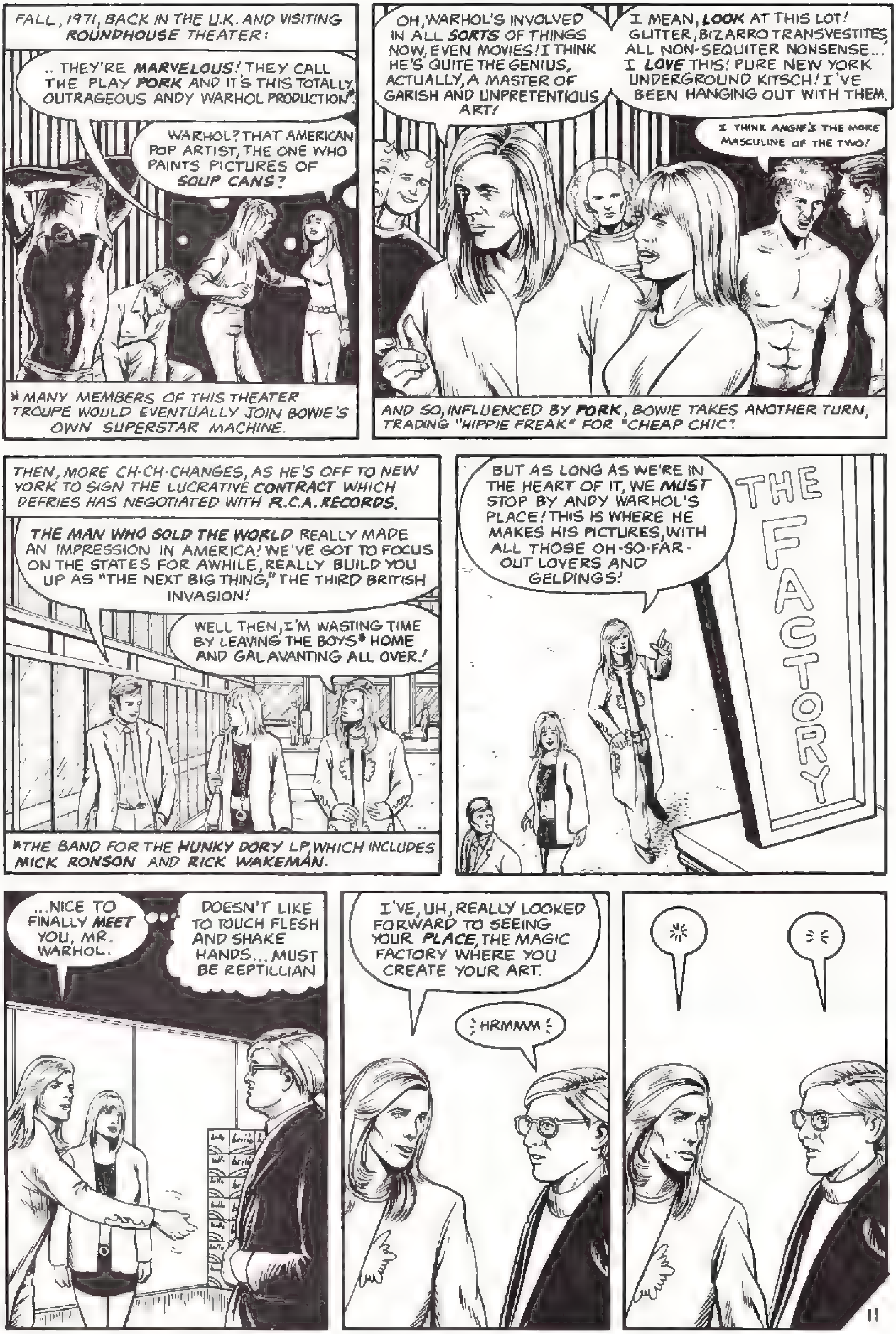


FALL, 1969. ONE LIGHT DIMS...
HE...HE WOULD'VE BEEN PROUD TO SEE HOW WELL HIS SON IS DOING NOW!
...AS A NEW GLOW KINDLES.
...MARY-ANGELA BARNETT, FROM AMERICA. YOU CAN CALL ME ANGIE. I SAW YOU AND YOUR THEATRE TROUPE, FEATHERS, AT THE ROUNDHOUSE! I QUITE LIKED IT!
DID YOU REALLY?! MOST EVERYONE THERE WANTED US TO GET OUR ARTY-FARTY ARSES OFF-STAGE SO THE WHO COULD PLAY!
BOWIE ORGANIZES A FREE FESTIVAL AT THE CROYDON ROAD RECREATION GROUND.
The Sun Machine is coming down and we're gonna have a party!
WHAT A GREAT WAY TO GET ALL THE LOCAL PEOPLE TO JOIN EACH OTHER, JUST PUT ON SOME MUSIC AND LET EVERYONE GET TOGETHER!
YEAH, BUT OVER 5,000 OF 'EM SHOWED UP!*
*THE MAYOR HIMSELF CONGRATULATES BOWIE ON THE SMOOTH ORGANIZATION, AND THE EVENT IS LATER IMMORTALIZED IN THE SONG "MEMORY OF A FREE FESTIVAL".
WHERE'S ANGIE?
SHE'S BACK AT THE LOFT, IN THE BIG OLD VICTORIAN PLACE WE MOVED INTO TOGETHER. DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THE ARTISTS CO-OP WE STARTED THERE, THE BECKENHAM ARTS LAB?
BOY, THE TWO OF YOU SURE ARE GETTING TIGHT!
YEAH, PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING WE DO NOWADAYS, WE DO AS A PAIR!

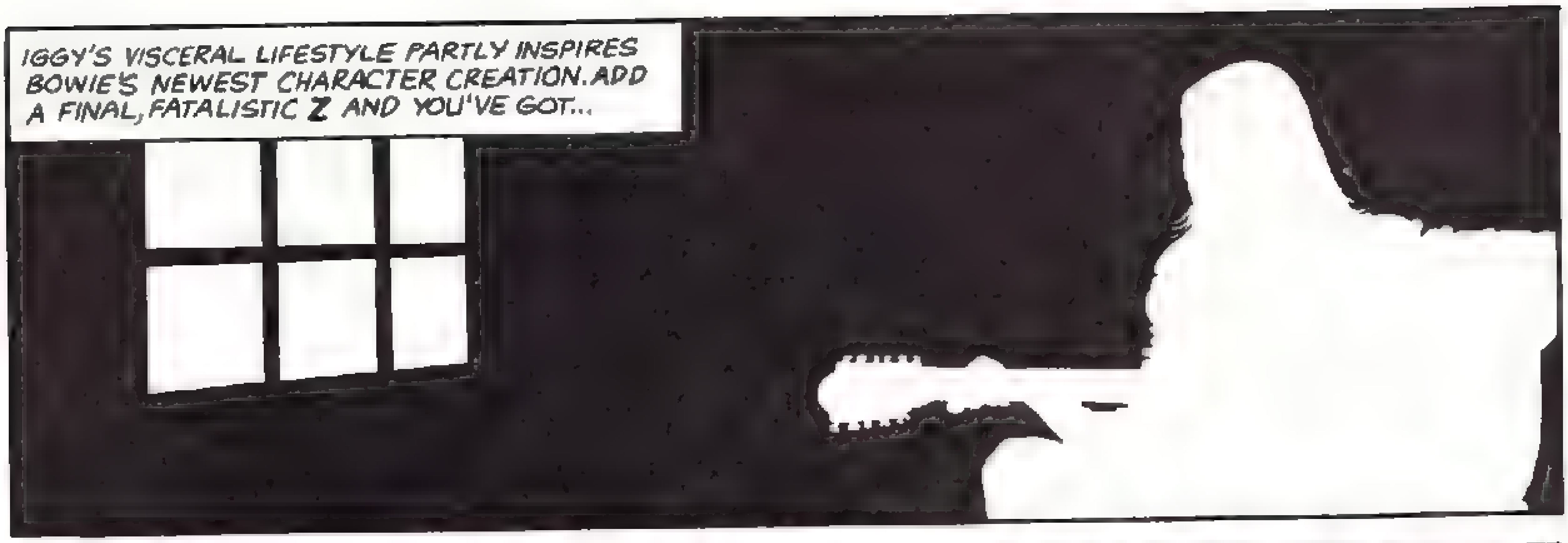

DECEMBER, 1969:
BUT WHY DON'T YOU WANT TO GO?
I JUST DON'T FANCY SPENDING CHRISTMAS IN BLOODY CYPRUS, VISITING YOUR FUDDY-DUDDY OLD MUM AND DAD!
I... I SEE
I SUPPOSE I SHOULD TELL YOU BEFORE I LEAVE. I... UM, I MAY BE PREGNANT!
I S'PPOSE I COULD CONSIDER MARRIAGE ...IT'D KEEP HER FROM BEING DEPORTED...
...PLUS MARC BOLAN'S ABOUT TO TIE THE KNOT, AND HE'S NOT AFRAID OF LOSING HIS FAN FOLLOWING!
THE WELL-TRAVELLED AND WELL-CONNECTED ANGIE, WHO'D ONCE BEEN A SECRETARY AT GEM RECORDS, HELPS ARRANGE A MEETING WITH GREGARIOUS EXECUTIVE TONY DEFRIES.
YOU KEPT ME WAITING FOREVER OUT THERE!
BUSY, AND WHAT NOT. NOW THEN, I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT DROPPING YOUR MANAGER AND FINDING NEW REPRESENTATION. TELL ME ABOUT IT.
WELL, IT'S JUST NOT HAPPENING! KEN OVER-BOOKS ME INTO THESE CRUDDY CLUBS AND BALLROOMS, AND I HAVE NO TIME TO DO ANY RECORDING!
THEN LET'S JUST GET YOU OUT OF THAT CONTRACT THEN, SHALL WE?
I... I CAN DO THAT?! BUT EVERYONE ELSE TOLD ME...
STUFF EVERYONE ELSE! I'M THE ONLY ONE YOU NEED TO LISTEN TO. IT'S TIME YOU TOOK BACK CONTROL OF YOUR CAREER...
...WITH MY HELP, OF COURSE. YOU'LL BE HUGE, A BLEEDIN' STAR, AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF ALL THE DETAILS, PAY YOUR BILLS, YOUR RENT, OUT OF WHAT WE MAKE! YOU JUST NURSE THAT MUSE OF YOURS, CREATE, AND I'LL DO ALL THE REST!

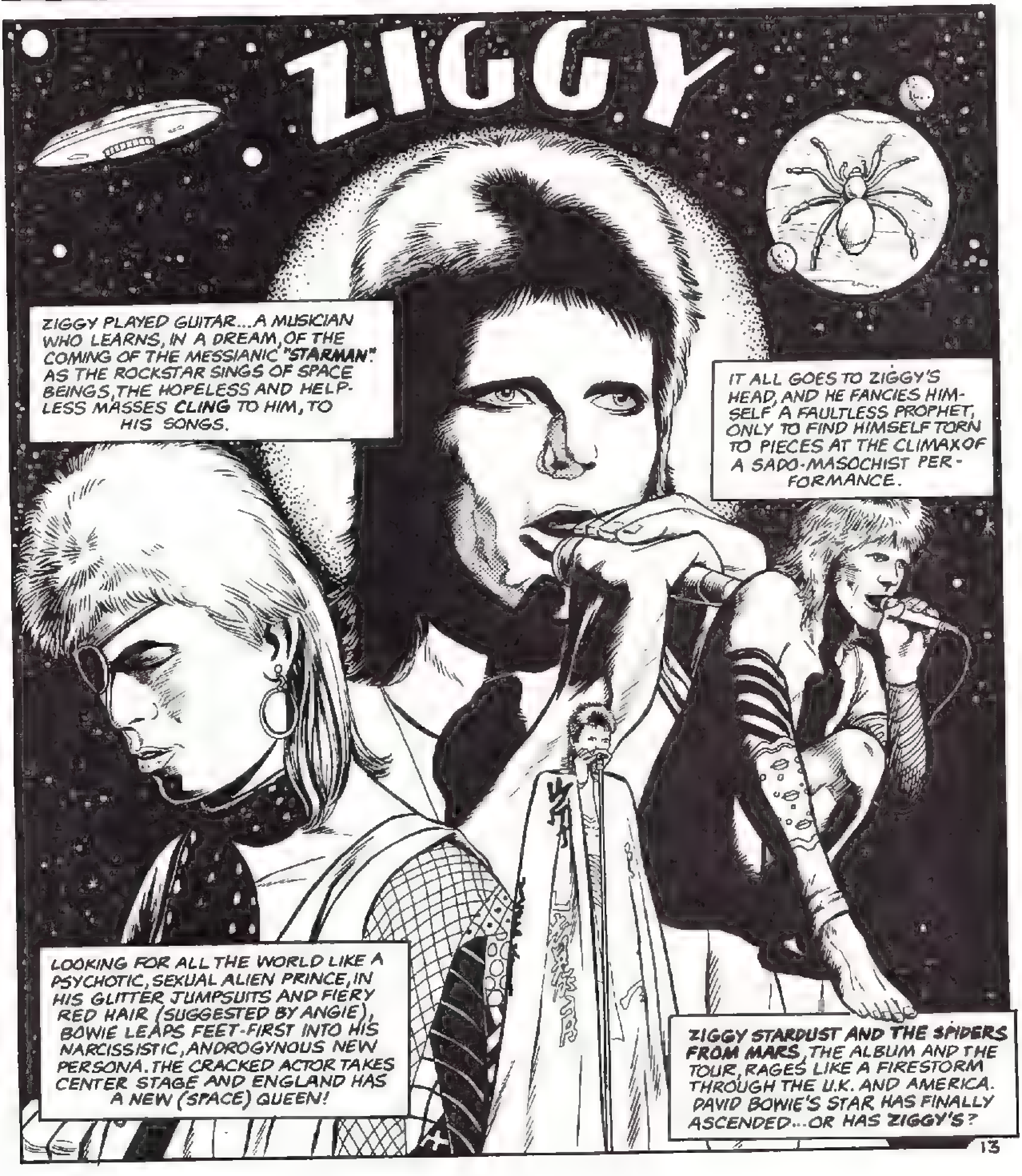
SO DEFRIES BECOMES BOWIE'S MANAGER, PUTTING UP HIS OWN CASH AT FIRST, A WALKING CREDIT CARD...
WOW! NOBODY'S EVER OFFERED TO DO ANYTHING LIKE THIS FOR ME BEFORE!
...BUT LOANS MADE ON CREDIT MUST SOMEDAY BE REPAID, WITH INTEREST!
FEBRUARY, 1970, AFTER A SMOKING SET AT THE MARQUEE,
GREAT JOB! MY NAME'S MICK, MICK RONSON.
SURE, YOU PLAYED ON THE MICHAEL CHAPMAN ALBUM.* A PRODUCER FRIEND OF MINE TOLD ME ABOUT YOU... YOU SHOULD THINK ABOUT BRINGING YOUR GUITAR DOWN AND SITTING IN WITH US!
*"FULLY QUALIFIED SOLDIER." RONSON SOONS JOINS THE BAND, WHICH IS KNOWN (BRIEFLY) AS THE HYPE.
MARCH 20th, IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS MOM AND A FEW SELECT FRIENDS:
I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY WERE BOTH LATE FOR THEIR OWN WEDDING! DON'T THEY TAKE ANYTHING SERIOUSLY?!
APPARENTLY NOT, JUDGING BY THE U.K. ALBUM COVER FOR THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD, FEATURING THE LOVELY FLOWING DRESS HE AND ANGIE BOUGHT ON A SHOPPING SPREE.
WELL, I'VE SEEN MICK JAGGER IN A FEW FRILLY LITTLE NUMBERS!
THEN, IN EARLY '71, DEFRIES WANTS HIS GOLDEN GOOSE ON AN AMERICAN TOUR.
BUT TECHNICALLY I CAN'T PLAY, SINCE WE COULDN'T GET A WORK PERMIT!
WE'LL JUST BILL YOUR APPEARANCES AT COLLEGES AND SUCH AS "DISCUSSIONS", MAKE THE SCENE THAT WAY.
YOU'RE SURE, NOW, THAT THE AMERICANS WON'T GO GA-GA OVER ME WEARING THESE CHARMING FROCKS AND GOWNS FROM MR. FISH?
WE WANT THEM GOING GA-GA! DAVID, BE AS FLAMBOYANT AND OUTRAGEOUS AS POSSIBLE, EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO FIB, OR EMBELLISH, WHEN PEOPLE ASK YOU ABOUT YOUR SEXUALITY. WEAR YOUR ANDROGENY LIKE A SECOND SKIN, SAY THAT BI-SEXUALITY IS IN...
...IT'S WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS IN FREE PUBLICITY.


UM, DAVID, WE'RE IN PUBLIC... YOU CAN'T BE LIGHTING UP HASH PIPES RIGHT ON THE DOCKS IN NEW YORK!
WELL, YOU SAID TO BE EXTRAVAGANT! IF I GET NAILED BY A COPPER, THINK OF THE PRESS!
WHAT'S ANGIE BEEN UP TO, BACK HOME? HAVE YOU CALLED HER?
OH, SHE'S DOING THE USUAL, SCOUTING ALL THE GAY DISCOS, SNATCHING UP A LOVER OR THREE FOR HERSELF AND TELLING ME WHICH PLACES HAVE THE FINEST CHINA BOYS AND CHOCOLATE GIRLS. SHE CERTAINLY KNOWS MY TASTES...
QUITE AN "OPEN MARRIAGE" YOU'VE GOT GOING!
IT WORKS, I S'PPOSE. STILL, SHE'S PREGGERS, THIS TIME FOR REAL, FIVE MONTHS ALONG. WE MAY HAVE TO RE-THINK THINGS A BIT SOMETIME SOON...
MAY 28, 1971...
MRS. BOWIE, WE LEFT A MESSAGE FOR YOUR HUSBAND ABOUT YOUR... PROBLEMS* WITH THE DELIVERY. BUT WE MADE IT CLEAR THAT EVERYTHING'S OKAY NOW.
*AMONG THEM, A BROKEN PELVIS.
DUNCAN... ZOWIE ... HAYWARD... BOWIE...
AND YOUR DADDY COULDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO BE HERE.
WE'RE GONNA BE SOME FUNKY PARENTS, HUH?
INDEED, "ZOWIE" SPENDS MUCH OF HIS FORMULATIVE TIME WITH A NANNY, AS HIS PARENTS PROVE RELUCTANT TO GIVE UP THEIR GLITZY JET-SET LIVES.


FALL, 1971, BACK IN THE U.K. AND VISITING ROUNDHOUSE THEATER:
.. THEY'RE MARVELOUS! THEY CALL THE PLAY PORK AND IT'S THIS TOTALLY OUTRAGEOUS ANDY WARHOL PRODUCTION*.
WARHOL? THAT AMERICAN POP ARTIST, THE ONE WHO PAINTS PICTURES OF SOUP CANS?
* MANY MEMBERS OF THIS THEATER TROUPE WOULD EVENTUALLY JOIN BOWIE'S OWN SUPERSTAR MACHINE.
OH, WARHOL'S INVOLVED IN ALL SORTS OF THINGS NOW, EVEN MOVIES! I THINK HE'S QUITE THE GENIUS, ACTUALLY, A MASTER OF GARISH AND UNPRETENTIOUS ART!
I MEAN, LOOK AT THIS LOT! GLITTER, BIZARRO TRANSVESTITES, ALL NON-SEQUITER NONSENSE... I LOVE THIS! PURE NEW YORK UNDERGROUND KITSCH! I'VE BEEN HANGING OUT WITH THEM.
I THINK ANGIE'S THE MORE MASCULINE OF THE TWO!
AND SO, INFLUENCED BY PORK, BOWIE TAKES ANOTHER TURN, TRADING "HIPPIE FREAK" FOR "CHEAP CHIC".
THEN, MORE CH-CH-CHANGES, AS HE'S OFF TO NEW YORK TO SIGN THE LUCRATIVE CONTRACT WHICH DEFRIES HAS NEGOTIATED WITH R.C.A. RECORDS.
THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD REALLY MADE AN IMPRESSION IN AMERICA! WE'VE GOT TO FOCUS ON THE STATES FOR AWHILE, REALLY BUILD YOU UP AS "THE NEXT BIG THING," THE THIRD BRITISH INVASION!
WELL THEN, I'M WASTING TIME BY LEAVING THE BOYS* HOME AND GALAVANTING ALL OVER!
*THE BAND FOR THE HUNKY DORY LP, WHICH INCLUDES MICK RONSON AND RICK WAKEMAN.
BUT AS LONG AS WE'RE IN THE HEART OF IT, WE MUST STOP BY ANDY WARHOL'S PLACE! THIS IS WHERE HE MAKES HIS PICTURES, WITH ALL THOSE OH-SO-FAR-OUT LOVERS AND GELDINGS!
THE FACTORY
...NICE TO FINALLY MEET YOU, MR. WARHOL.
DOESN'T LIKE TO TOUCH FLESH AND SHAKE HANDS... MUST BE REPTILLIAN
I'VE, UH, REALLY LOOKED FORWARD TO SEEING YOUR PLACE, THE MAGIC FACTORY WHERE YOU CREATE YOUR ART.
HRMMM

AHEM.
MY, WHAT LOVELY SHOES YOU HAVE!! SUCH A NICE POLISH, PERFECT SCUFFS... I USED TO DESIGN SHOES. MAY I TAKE A FEW POLAROID PICTURES OF THEM?
CLICK CLICK CLICK
AFTER AWKWARD FAREWELLS...
WHAT A PERFECTLY BIZARRE AFTERNOON! AND I THOUGHT IT WAS A GAS JUST MEETING LOU REED AT THE RCA OFFICE!
THEN YOU'LL LOVE THE NEXT PLACE WE'RE GOING TO -THE HIPPEST HANG-OUT IN NEW YORK, MAX'S KANSAS CITY!
SO WHY DO YOU CUT YOURSELF ONSTAGE, AND JUMP INTO THE AUDIENCE? ISN'T THAT A BIT... OUT OF CONTROL?
WHAT'S THE POINT IN DOING IT IF IT'S NOT? ANYTHING ELSE WOULD BE PREDICTABLE!
IGGY POP
*SEE HARD ROCK #10, ON THE BIRTH OF PUNK.
I'M ON METHADONE NOW. HEROIN GETS YOU HIGH FOR A FEW HOURS, BUT METH REALLY HANGS IN THERE.
SAY, IGGY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET DAVID AND I AT THE HOTEL FOR BREAKFAST TOMORROW? WE'LL BUY.
WOULD I?! I'LL BE THERE! I'LL COME BY ON MY WAY FROM THE METH CLINIC.
WHAT A CHARACTER! AMERICAN THEATRE, LIVING BREATHING ROCK AND ROLL... IGGY'S THE REAL THING ALRIGHT.


IGGY'S VISCERAL LIFESTYLE PARTLY INSPIRES BOWIE'S NEWEST CHARACTER CREATION. ADD A FINAL, FATALISTIC Z AND YOU'VE GOT...

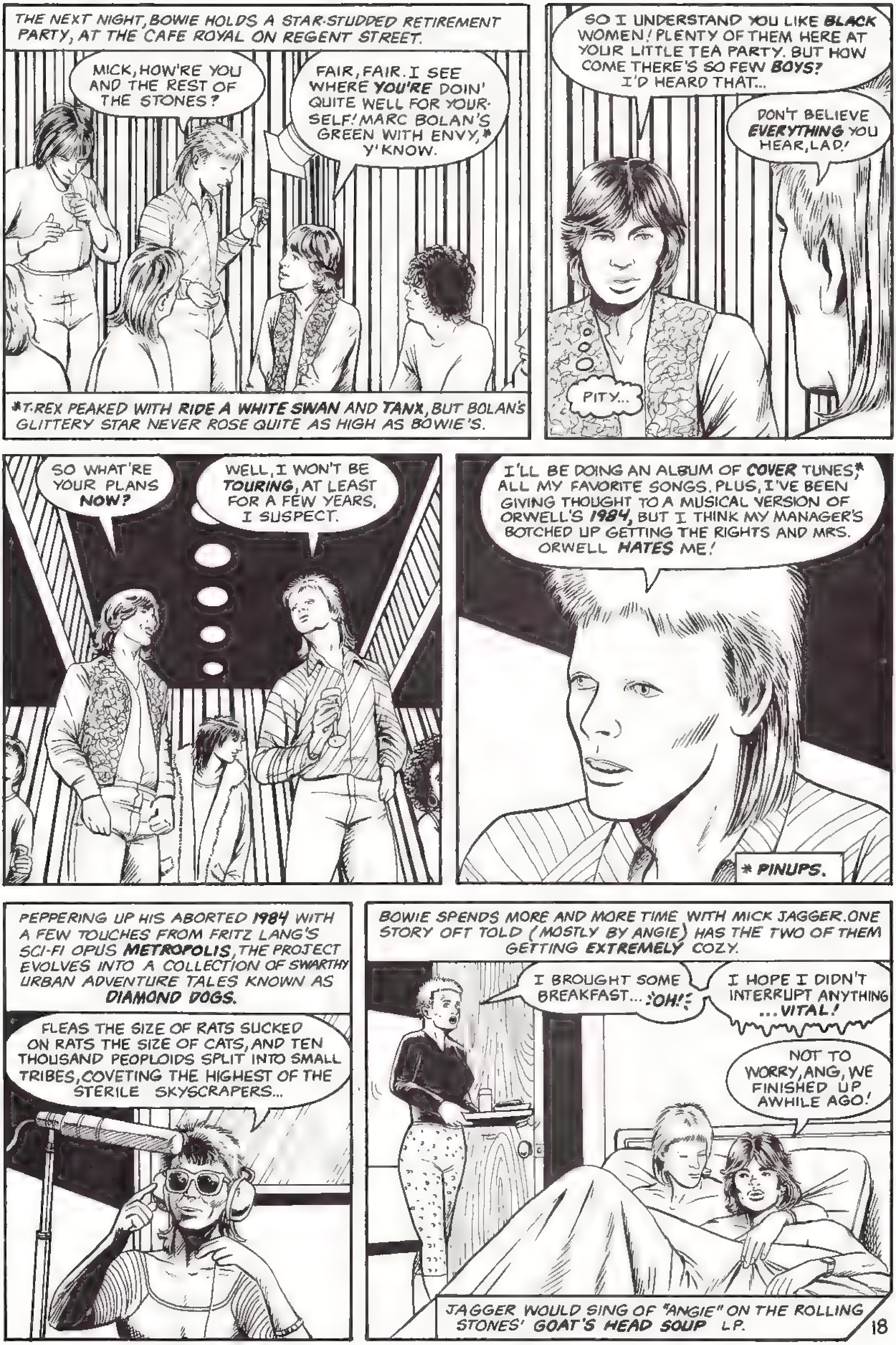

ZIGGY
ZIGGY PLAYED GUITAR...A MUSICIAN WHO LEARNS, IN A DREAM, OF THE COMING OF THE MESSIANIC "STARMAN". AS THE ROCKSTAR SINGS OF SPACE BEINGS, THE HOPELESS AND HELPLESS MASSES CLING TO HIM, TO HIS SONGS.
IT ALL GOES TO ZIGGY'S HEAD, AND HE FANCIES HIMSELF A FAULTLESS PROPHET, ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF TORN TO PIECES AT THE CLIMAX OF A SADO-MASOCHIST PERFORMANCE.
LOOKING FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A PSYCHOTIC, SEXUAL ALIEN PRINCE, IN HIS GLITTER JUMPSUITS AND FIERY RED HAIR (SUGGESTED BY ANGIE), BOWIE LEAPS FEET-FIRST INTO HIS NARCISSISTIC, ANDROGYNOUS NEW PERSONA. THE CRACKED ACTOR TAKES CENTER STAGE AND ENGLAND HAS A NEW (SPACE) QUEEN!
ZIGGY STARDUST AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS, THE ALBUM AND THE TOUR, RAGES LIKE A FIRESTORM THROUGH THE U.K. AND AMERICA. DAVID BOWIE'S STAR HAS FINALLY ASCENDED...OR HAS ZIGGY'S?

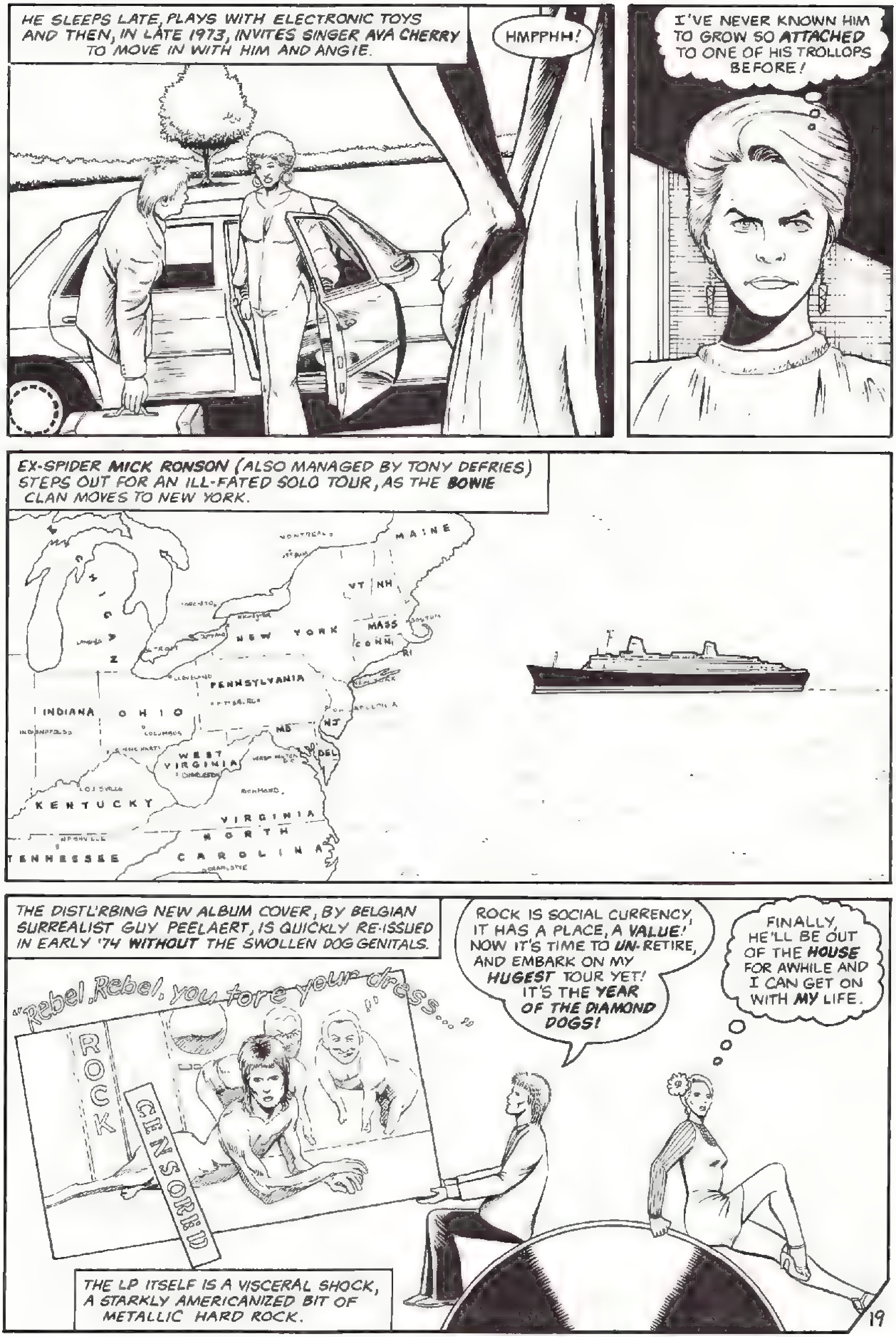
SUMMER, 1972, IS SPENT TOURING S.R.O. VENUES, WITH MICK RONSON AND THE SPIDERS.
BUT THIS ACT HAS REALLY BECOME ALL-CONSUMING, MICK! I SOMETIMES LOSE TRACK OF WHERE I END AND WHERE ZIGGY BEGINS!
I'M TRYING TO STAY OFF THE STUFF, AND KEEP MY FEET EARTHBOUND, BUT I'M HAVING THESE NIGHTMARES. SOME NUTTER WHO HATES QUEERS OR SOMETHING KILLS ME ONSTAGE! THERE WAS THIS REDNECK WHO WAVED A RIFLE AT ME ONCE IN TEXAS, Y'KNOW...
I GET THE FEELING IT'LL ALL CRASH AND BURN, IN THE NEXT FIVE YEARS!
HAS THE FORMER DAVID JONES BEEN COMPLETELY, UNCOMPROMISINGLY ECLIPSED?
WELL, ENOUGH OF THAT DISMAL STUFF. LISTEN, WHY AREN'T YOU AND THE SPIDERS WEARING THE COSTUMES I HAD MADE FOR YOU? I THOUGHT WE ALL AGREED TO GET INTO THE ACT. DO YOU JUST WANT TO BE ANOTHER GROUP OF GREASY, DENIM-CLAD ROCKERS?
UM, TRUTH TO TELL, DAVE, WE FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE GETTING ALL TARTED UP LIKE POOFTERS!
AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF "THE ACT," I'M NONE TOO THRILLED ABOUT THAT BIT WHERE YOU JUMP DOWN MY GUITAR WITH YOUR MOUTH, LIKE YOU'RE GOIN' DOWN ON IT!
IT'S ONE THING FOR YOU TO PLAY-ACT THAT YOU PREFER BOYS, BUT WHY SHOULD WE GO ALONG?
'CAUSE ALL THE LITTLE GIRLS REALLY GET OFF ON IT AND GO FOR YOU, TRYING TO WIN YOU BACK INTO HETERO-DOM WITH THEIR BODIES!
OH, I SEE. WELL, THEN PASS ME A JUMPSUIT, MATE!

IN AN INTERVIEW WITH ENGLAND'S MELODY MAKER MAGAZINE:
I'M GAY AND ALWAYS HAVE BEEN, EVEN WHEN I WAS DAVID JONES.
A SLY MOVE, WHICH GETS UNPRECEDENTED PUBLICITY, EVEN IF HE'S MISCATAGORIZING HIMSELF.
OTHERS ARE HAVING HITS WITH BOWIE SONGS, INCLUDING MOTT THE HOOPLE FOR WHOM DAVID WRITES "ALL THE YOUNG DUDES" (THE SUCCESS OF WHICH KEEPS THAT GROUP FROM SPLITTING.
MOTT
MOTT THE HOOPLE
FALL, 1972.
DAVE, RCA IS READY TO COMMIT TO A FULL U.S. TOUR... WITH YOU HEADLINING! I THINK THEY'VE SEEN ALICE COOPER'S SUCCESS, AND THEY WANT TO JUMP ON TO THE SAME THEATRICAL BANDWAGON. I'M FLYING IN A BUNCH OF AMERICAN REPORTERS, TO SEE YOU PLAY HERE, IN ORDER TO GET THE BUZZ STARTED.
WELL... I DON'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED WITH THE DETAILS. I WANT YOU TO DO ALL THE PLANNING AND NEGOTIATING.
I JUST WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE, TO HAVE MY FUN AND PLAY!
OH YES, AND I REFUSE TO FLY THERE! AFTER THAT TURBULENCE WE HIT LAST CHRISTMAS*, I'M NOT GETTING INTO ANOTHER PLANE. BOOK ME ON THE QUEEN ELIZABETH II!
*ON A FLIGHT TO VISIT ANGIE'S FAMILY IN CYPRUS.
LIKE THE LATER "MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH", BOWIE BECOMES SEPARATED AND WITHDRAWN, SURROUNDED ALWAYS BY GUARDS, YES-MEN AND SUPPORTERS, EVEN DISTANCING HIMSELF FROM HIS BAND. ANGELA AND ZOWIE TRAVEL ON THEIR OWN, OCCASIONALLY MEETING UP WITH THE ZIGGY TOUR.
IT'S AN ELVIS-LIKE EXISTENCE, TENUOUSLY STRUGGLING IN A VICEGRIP OF FAME. HE GIVES FEW INTERVIEWS, AND THE TOUR LOSES MONEY IN THE MIDWEST (WHERE HIS REP ISN'T AS WIDESPREAD AS ON THE COASTS).

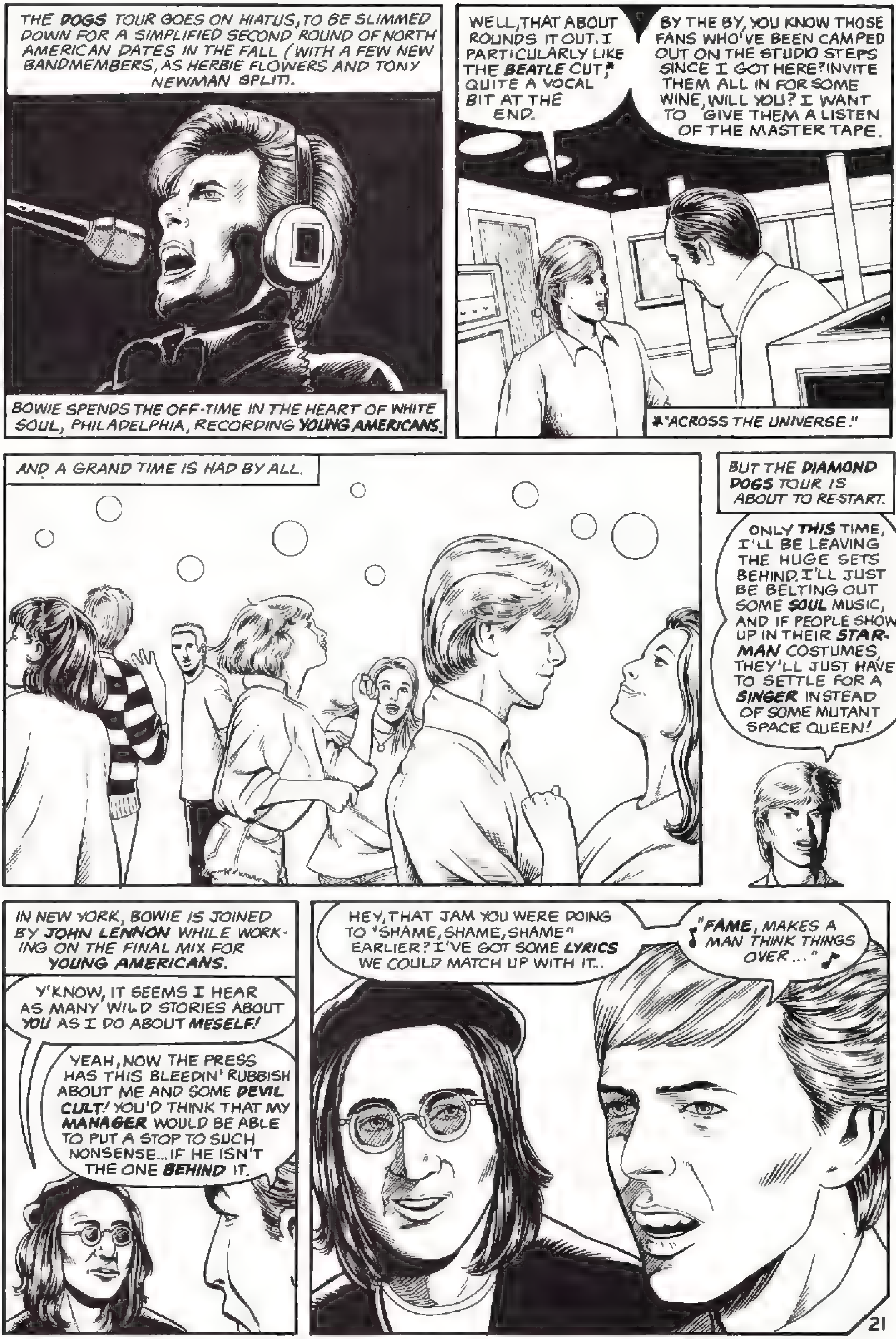
HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THAT CLUB ON SUNSET STRIP, RODNEY'S ENGLISH DISCO? ALL THE JAILBAIT TEENS ARE ALREADY DANCING TO ZIGGY THERE, DRESSED IN THEIR HOMEMADE STARMAN COSTUMES!
I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN GET *IN*... TONY HASN'T GIVEN ME ANY **MONEY** THIS WEEK.
WHY DO I HAVE TO BEG MY MANAGER FOR COPPER EVERY TIME I NEED A COUPLE OF QUID?
DARLING, YOU DON'T **NEED** MONEY! THE WORLD IS SPREAD OUT FREELY AT YOUR FEET. YOU'RE A CONQUER · KING. YOU'RE **ZI**... YOU'RE **DAVID BOWIE!!**
AFTER RETURNING TO ENGLAND ABOARD THE ELLINIS AND BEING BESIEGED BY ENTHUSIASTIC FANS AND REPORTERS, HIS DUALITY TRULY MANIFESTS ITSELF THROUGH THE RECORDING OF ***ALADDIN SANE.***
IT'S ABOUT ZIGGY'S BIG AMERICAN ADVENTURE. THE **NAME** SAYS IT ALL.
HE BRIEFLY EXPRESSES INTEREST IN STARRING IN A FILM ADAPTATION OF ROBERT HEINLEIN'S PRE-HIPPIE CHRIST/LOVE ANALOGY, ***STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND,*** *BUT A GRUELING WORLD TOUR LOOMS DISTRACTINGLY ON THE HORIZON.*
FROM NOW ON, I'LL EVEN PLAY MY SCI-FI ROCKSTAR ROLE IN **INTERVIEWS**. WHY LEAVE IT ONSTAGE, WHY NOT COMPLETE THE CANVAS?
BUT TONY, WE'RE THE **BAND**, AND WE'RE MAKING LESS THAN TWO HUNDRED APIECE A WEEK!
I **GAVE** YOU A RAISE, ON THE CONDITION THAT YOU PAY YOUR OWN EXPENSES.
YEAH, SO NOW WE'RE MAKING EVEN **LESS!**

BOWIE APPEARS ON, AND HELPS PRODUCE, RECORDS BY IGGY POP, LOU REED AND OTHERS, AND A DOUBLE LP COLLECTING HIS EARLY SONGS IS RELEASED... IMAGES '66-'67.
ALADDIN SANE SELLS EXTREMELY WELL, AND ITS MONOLITHIC TOUR WINDS UP AT LONDON'S HAMMERSMITH ODEON, IN JULY, 1973.
TONY DEFRIES IS THERE, REPRESENTING BOWIE'S MANAGEMENT ORGANIZATION, NOW KNOWN AS MAINMAN. ACTUALLY ON PAPER, IT'S REALLY TONY'S COMPANY...BUT BOWIE DOESN'T KNOW THIS YET (NEVER HAVING FULLY UNDERSTOOD THAT ORIGINAL, ONE-SIDED CONTRACT).
R.C.A. STILL HAS DOUBTS ABOUT YOUR AMERICAN STAR-POWER. WE NEED TO THINK OF SOME WAY TO MAKE YOU EVEN MORE DESIRABLE TO THEM... ...PERHAPS BY MAKING YOU SEEM UNAVAILABLE!
HMMMM.
I HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT TAKING A BIT OF A HOLIDAY, TAKING SOME TIME TO RE-ESTABLISH MY OWN IDENTITY. I NEED TO PEEL BACK A FEW LAYERS, FIND MYSELF AGAIN.
PERHAPS I SHOULD REIGN IN THE CRAZINESS, BEFORE I END UP LIVING ZIGGY'S "ROCK AND ROLL SUICIDE."
THAT EVENING:
...NOT ONLY IS THIS THE LAST SHOW OF THE TOUR, BUT IT'S THE LAST SHOW WE'LL EVER DO. BYE BYE, WE LOVE YOU!
IT'S THE FIRST THAT MOST OF THE BAND HEARS ABOUT THE "RETIREMENT"! *
*IT'S ALL CAPTURED ON FILM BY DA PENNEBAKER, LATER RELEASED ON VIDEO.


THE NEXT NIGHT, BOWIE HOLDS A STAR-STUDDED RETIREMENT PARTY, AT THE CAFE ROYAL ON REGENT STREET.
MICK, HOW'RE YOU AND THE REST OF THE STONES?
FAIR, FAIR. I SEE WHERE YOU'RE DOIN' QUITE WELL FOR YOURSELF! MARC BOLAN'S GREEN WITH ENVY,* Y'KNOW.
*T-REX PEAKED WITH RIDE A WHITE SWAN AND TANX, BUT BOLAN'S GLITTERY STAR NEVER ROSE QUITE AS HIGH AS BOWIE'S.
SO I UNDERSTAND YOU LIKE BLACK WOMEN! PLENTY OF THEM HERE AT YOUR LITTLE TEA PARTY. BUT HOW COME THERE'S SO FEW BOYS? I'D HEARD THAT...
DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU HEAR, LAD!
PITY...
SO WHAT'RE YOUR PLANS NOW?
WELL, I WON'T BE TOURING, AT LEAST FOR A FEW YEARS, I SUSPECT.
I'LL BE DOING AN ALBUM OF COVER TUNES,* ALL MY FAVORITE SONGS. PLUS, I'VE BEEN GIVING THOUGHT TO A MUSICAL VERSION OF ORWELL'S 1984, BUT I THINK MY MANAGER'S BOTCHED UP GETTING THE RIGHTS AND MRS. ORWELL HATES ME!
* PINUPS.
PEPPERING UP HIS ABORTED 1984 WITH A FEW TOUCHES FROM FRITZ LANG'S SCI-FI OPUS METROPOLIS, THE PROJECT EVOLVES INTO A COLLECTION OF SWARTHY URBAN ADVENTURE TALES KNOWN AS DIAMOND DOGS.
FLEAS THE SIZE OF RATS SUCKED ON RATS THE SIZE OF CATS, AND TEN THOUSAND PEOPLOIDS SPLIT INTO SMALL TRIBES, COVETING THE HIGHEST OF THE STERILE SKYSCRAPERS...
BOWIE SPENDS MORE AND MORE TIME WITH MICK JAGGER. ONE STORY OFT TOLD (MOSTLY BY ANGIE) HAS THE TWO OF THEM GETTING EXTREMELY COZY.
I BROUGHT SOME BREAKFAST... OH!
I HOPE I DIDN'T INTERRUPT ANYTHING ...VITAL!
NOT TO WORRY, ANG, WE FINISHED UP AWHILE AGO!
JAGGER WOULD SING OF "ANGIE" ON THE ROLLING STONES' GOAT'S HEAD SOUP LP.


HE SLEEPS LATE, PLAYS WITH ELECTRONIC TOYS AND THEN, IN LATE 1973, INVITES SINGER AVA CHERRY TO MOVE IN WITH HIM AND ANGIE.
HMPPHH!
I'VE NEVER KNOWN HIM TO GROW SO ATTACHED TO ONE OF HIS TROLLOPS BEFORE!
EX-SPIDER MICK RONSON (ALSO MANAGED BY TONY DEFRIES) STEPS OUT FOR AN ILL-FATED SOLO TOUR, AS THE BOWIE CLAN MOVES TO NEW YORK.
MAINE
VT
NH
MASS
CONN
RI
NEW YORK
PENNSYLVANIA
NJ
MD
DEL
INDIANA
OHIO
WEST VIRGINIA
KENTUCKY
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
TENNESSEE
THE DISTURBING NEW ALBUM COVER, BY BELGIAN SURREALIST GUY PEELAERT, IS QUICKLY RE-ISSUED IN EARLY '74 WITHOUT THE SWOLLEN DOG GENITALS.
"Rebel, Rebel, you tore your dress..."
ROCK
CENSORED
ROCK IS SOCIAL CURRENCY, IT HAS A PLACE, A VALUE! NOW IT'S TIME TO UN-RETIRE, AND EMBARK ON MY HUGEST TOUR YET! IT'S THE YEAR OF THE DIAMOND DOGS!
FINALLY, HE'LL BE OUT OF THE HOUSE FOR AWHILE AND I CAN GET ON WITH MY LIFE.
THE LP ITSELF IS A VISCERAL SHOCK, A STARKLY AMERICANIZED BIT OF METALLIC HARD ROCK.
19

THE SIX-TON CONCERT SET IS A DARK-TINGED DR. CALIGARY-LIKE CITYSCAPE, WITH MOVING SIDEWALKS AND EXPENSIVE SPECIAL EFFECTS (MOST OF WHICH REGULARLY MALFUNCTION).
THE NEW ROBOTIC ZIGGY SURPRISES THOSE WHO COME FOR PURE GLITTER. BOWIE COMMANDS IN NOTHING BUT A BLUE SUIT, SLICKED-BACK HAIR AND JUDY GARLAND-RED SHOES.
JULY, 1974, BACKSTAGE AT PHILADELPHIA'S TOWER THEATER
I NOTICED WHERE YOU'VE SUDDENLY GOT ALL NEW EQUIPMENT OUT THERE.
YEAH, TONY AND MAINMAN FINALLY CAME THROUGH, EVEN THOUGH WE'VE BEEN BEGGING FOR STUFF THAT WORKS THROUGH THE WHOLE TOUR. ONCE HE GOT IT INTO HIS HEAD THAT HE WANTED A LIVE ALBUM* OUT BY CHRISTMAS, SUDDENLY WE'VE GOT GREAT GEAR... WHILE WE RECORD THE NEXT TWO SHOWS ANYWAY.
* DAVID LIVE
HERBIE FLOWERS OF THE SPIDERS MAKES A SUDDEN, UNANNOUNCED ENTRANCE.
NICE OF SOMEONE TO TELL THE BAND THAT WE'RE MAKING A LIVE ALBUM TONIGHT! WE JUST HEARD ABOUT IT WHEN THE RECORDING CREW SHOWED UP!
MAN, WE'RE ONLY PULLING UNION SCALE, $150.00 EACH PER SHOW! IF YOU'RE GONNA USE US TO MAKE AN ALBUM, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET TONY TO COUGH UP A LOT MORE CASH...
...FIVE THOUSAND APIECE!
OR WE'RE NOT GOING OUT THERE TONIGHT!
BUT...BUT...I KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THE PAY ARRANGEMENT! THIS IS THE FIRST I'VE HEARD OF IT! THAT'S TONY'S...
YEAH, WELL. SHOWS HOW MUCH YOU COMMUNICATE WITH YOUR OWN BAND! NOW THAT YOU KNOW, WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT?
LOOK, I'VE NEVER HAD TO DEAL WITH THIS SORT OF THING. BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR MONEY, IF I HAVE TO PAY FOR IT OUT OF MY OWN POCKET!
AND NOW I HAVE YET ANOTHER REASON TO RE-EXAMINE MY "PARTNERSHIP" WITH TONY DEFRIES AND MAINMAN.


THE **DOGS** TOUR GOES ON HIATUS, TO BE SLIMMED DOWN FOR A SIMPLIFIED SECOND ROUND OF NORTH AMERICAN DATES IN THE FALL (WITH A FEW NEW BANDMEMBERS, AS HERBIE FLOWERS AND TONY NEWMAN SPLIT).
BOWIE SPENDS THE OFF-TIME IN THE HEART OF WHITE SOUL, PHILADELPHIA, RECORDING **YOUNG AMERICANS.**
WELL, THAT ABOUT ROUNDS IT OUT. I PARTICULARLY LIKE THE **BEATLE** CUT*; QUITE A VOCAL BIT AT THE END.
BY THE BY, YOU KNOW THOSE FANS WHO'VE BEEN CAMPED OUT ON THE STUDIO STEPS SINCE I GOT HERE? INVITE THEM ALL IN FOR SOME WINE, WILL YOU? I WANT TO GIVE THEM A LISTEN OF THE MASTER TAPE.
*"ACROSS THE UNIVERSE."
AND A GRAND TIME IS HAD BY ALL.
BUT THE **DIAMOND DOGS** TOUR IS ABOUT TO RE-START.
ONLY **THIS** TIME, I'LL BE LEAVING THE HUGE SETS BEHIND. I'LL JUST BE BELTING OUT SOME **SOUL** MUSIC, AND IF PEOPLE SHOW UP IN THEIR **STAR-MAN** COSTUMES, THEY'LL JUST HAVE TO SETTLE FOR A **SINGER** INSTEAD OF SOME MUTANT SPACE QUEEN!
IN NEW YORK, BOWIE IS JOINED BY **JOHN LENNON** WHILE WORKING ON THE FINAL MIX FOR **YOUNG AMERICANS.**
Y'KNOW, IT SEEMS I HEAR AS MANY WILD STORIES ABOUT **YOU** AS I DO ABOUT **MESELF!**
YEAH, NOW THE PRESS HAS THIS BLEEDIN' RUBBISH ABOUT ME AND SOME **DEVIL CULT!** YOU'D THINK THAT MY **MANAGER** WOULD BE ABLE TO PUT A STOP TO SUCH NONSENSE... IF HE ISN'T THE ONE **BEHIND** IT.
HEY, THAT JAM YOU WERE DOING TO "SHAME, SHAME, SHAME" EARLIER? I'VE GOT SOME **LYRICS** WE COULD MATCH UP WITH IT...
"**FAME**, MAKES A MAN THINK THINGS OVER..."

AFTER PARTYING ABOUT WITH LENNON, ELTON AND LIZ TAYLOR (WITH WHOM HE BRIEFLY DISCUSSES DOING A MOVIE), HE SPENDS CHRISTMAS '74 AT HIS NEW YORK HOME WITH ANGIE, ZOWIE, AND A FEW FRIENDS.
...SO THE COPS TRY TO BUST UP THE END-OF-TOUR PARTY, AND ACTUALLY TRIED TO GET ME UP AGAINST THE WALL TO SEARCH ME! I FLAT OUT REFUSED!
SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE REALLY BEEN IN CONTROL...
...FOR A CHANGE.
YES, ACTUALLY I SUPPOSE I HAVE BEEN A BIT MORE ASSERTIVE. IT'S BEEN QUITE NECESSARY.
THEN PERHAPS IT'S A GOOD TIME TO HAVE A TALK WITH THAT DAMNED TONY! HE ABSOLUTELY HATES ME, YOU KNOW?!
HE CUT OFF MY EXPENSE ACCOUNT, AND INSULTED ME! YOU DON'T NEED HIM ANY MORE, LOVE. YOU CAN DO BETTER!
YES, DAVEY, YOU CAN! THAT'S WHY I'M STILL HERE!
SOON ENOUGH...
SEND A TELEGRAM TO TONY, STATING IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS THAT HIS SERVICES ARE NO LONGER REQUIRED, AND THAT I'M STARTING LEGAL PROCEEDINGS TO SEVER OUR BUSINESS TIES! AND CHANGE ALL THE PHONE NUMBERS SO THAT HE CAN'T REACH ME. I'M GOING TO DELIVER YOUNG AMERICANS TO RCA MYSELF AND IF MAINMAN DOESN'T LIKE IT, THEY CAN PISS OFF AND SUE ME!*
*DEFRIES DOES INDEED SLAP AN INJUNCTION AGAINST BOWIE, AND THE LAWSUITS CONTINUE THROUGHOUT THEIR PROTRACTED SPLIT.
BOWIE'S NEXT TURN COMES IN THE FORM OF AN OFFER FROM NICOLAS ROEG* TO STAR IN THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH. HE SPENDS SPRING IN L.A., PREPARING FOR THE ROLE.
WITH ANGIE FLYING IN SOON, IT'S PROBABLY BEST TO LET AVA KNOW THAT IT'S GETTING ON TIME FOR HER TO MOVE ALONG.
HOLLYWOOD
SHE COULDN'T HAVE SERIOUSLY HOPED TO SPLIT ANGIE AND ME... COULD SHE?
* HE'D FILMED PERFORMANCE, WITH MICK JAGGER.

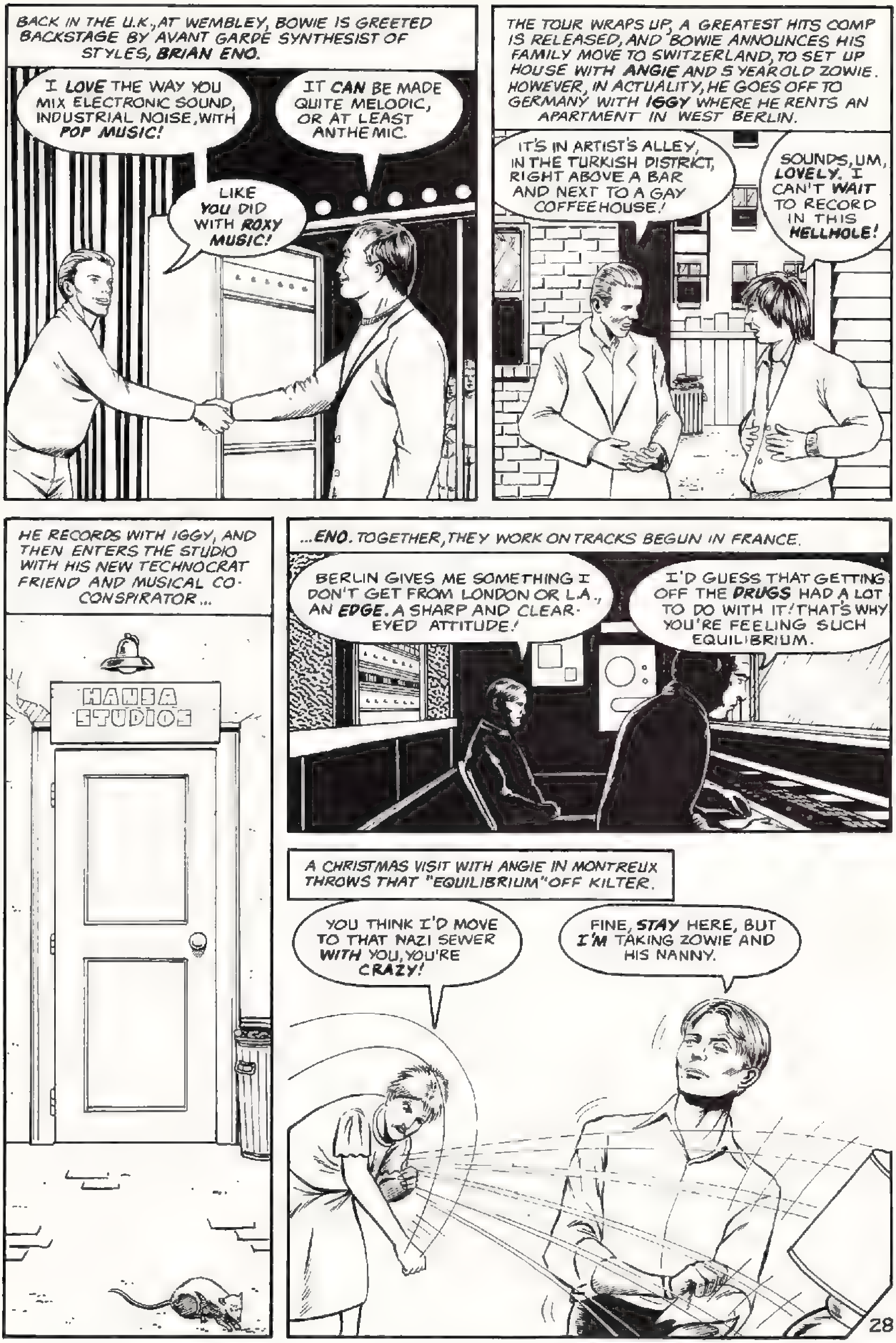
WITH TONY OUT OF THE PICTURE, THERE'S SO FEW PEOPLE LEFT FROM THE "OLD DAYS"...I FEEL A BIT ADRIFT AT TIMES.
EVEN MY POOR BROTHER'S IN A MENTAL INSTITUTION, A PLACE I SOMETIMES FEEL I BELONG! IGGY CHECKED HIMSELF IN TO ONE HERE, AND I HAVE TO WEAR A DISGUISE JUST TO GO SEE HIM! IT'S SO... UNREAL!
AND THIS STUFF IS ALTOGETHER TOO BIG A PART OF MY LIFE SINCE I CAME TO AMERICA. HOW DID I EVER CONVINCE MYSELF THAT COCAINE WAS AS VITAL TO MY SYSTEM AS FOOD?
SOMETHING ABOUT BEING HERE IN THE HEART OF DETACHMENT AND DECADENCE...
AUTUMN IS SPENT IN NEW MEXICO, PLAYING THIRSTY STARMAN JAMES NEWTON, AN OTHERWORLDLY SEEKER WHO FELL TO EARTH IN HOPES OF SAVING HIS DYING PLANET.
I JUST GOT THE WORD... YOUR "FAME" SINGLE IS #1* IN AMERICA!
MMMMM SO? I'M IN CHARACTER. --DON'T BREAK MY CONCENTRATION!
* IT REMAINS IN THE TOP SLOT FOR 4 WEEKS.
I'D SWEAR, BOWIE REALLY IS AN ALIEN, SOMETIMES!
AND TO THINK THAT ROEG ALMOST HAD THAT FOR PETER O'TOOLE PLAY THE PART!

AS FILMING DRAGS ON...
WE'RE HIRED TO PROVIDE SECURITY AND KEEP ALL THE NUTS AWAY FROM THE ROCK STAR...
...BUT WE NEVER SEE HIM EXCEPT WHEN HE'S SHOOTING SCENES; HE SPENDS ALL HIS TIME HIDING OUT IN HIS ROOM!
JEEZES, I'M ALL OVER THE BLOODY TUBE!
THE GRAMMYS, CHER'S SHOW, ...WHY HAVE I BEEN SO ANXIOUS TO PUT MYSELF UP ON PUBLIC DISPLAY SO MUCH THIS YEAR?
ALL THE INTERVIEWS*, ALL THE VISIBILITY...AM I JUST TRYING TO CONVINCE EVERYONE, TO CONVINCE MYSELF, THAT THERE REALLY IS A DAVID BOWIE BENEATH ALL THE ROLE-PLAYING?
*MOST NOTABLY RAMBLING, CRYPTIC CHATS ON DICK CAVETT'S T.V. SHOW AND WITH ROLLING STONE MAGAZINE.
PERHAPS I'VE BEEN GOING ABOUT THIS ALL WRONG. I SHOULD BE DIRECTING ALL THIS RUMINATION INWARD, START WRITING A JOURNAL OR AUTOBIOGRAPHY OR SOMETHING. MAYBE SOME SHORT STORIES...
The Return of the Thin White Duke
THE FAME AND DRUG FATIGUED SUPERSTAR GIVES PLAYBOY A TYPICALLY FRANK INTERVIEW WHILE RECORDING STATION TO STATION IN L.A. (AFTER PLANS FOR A BOWIE-PENNED SOUNDTRACK FOR THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH FALL THROUGH).
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CHAUVINISTIC, EVEN IN MY BOY-OBSESSED DAYS. BUT I WAS ALWAYS A GENTLEMAN. I ALWAYS TREATED MY BOYS LIKE REAL LADIES.
I ALWAYS ESCORTED THEM PROPERLY AND, IN FACT, I SUPPOSE IF I WERE A LOT OLDER, LIKE 40 OR SO, I'D BE A WONDERFUL SUGAR DADDY TO SOME LITTLE QUEEN DOWN IN KENSINGTON.
24

CHRISTMAS, 1975 IS SPENT AT KEITH RICHARD'S LOW-KEY JAMAICAN GETAWAY.
...LOVED YOU ON SOUL TRAIN! YOU PULLED OFF A PRETTY RIGHTEOUS LIP SYNCH!*
WELL, I WAS A BIT SURPRISED THAT IT WENT SO WELL. I WAS SHAKY DURING THE STRETCH WHERE THEY HAD THE AUDIENCE ASKING ME QUESTIONS.
...I WAS A TAD DRUNK, SOMETHING I RARELY DO.
*TO "FAME" AND "GOLDEN YEARS".
AH, YES, THE OLD PERUVIAN FLAKE IS MORE YOUR SPEED, EH LAD?
ACTUALLY, I'M A BIT TIRED OF ALL THAT. AND, TO TELL THE TRUTH, I'D THINK THAT YOU'D HAVE GROWN OUT OF IT BY NOW!*
*KEITH EVENTUALLY KICKS HIS EXTRAORDINARY ADDICTION, NO DOUBT SAVING HIS LIFE.
IT'S ALL SO... DEADENING! LIKE ACID, I'VE TRIED IT A FEW TIMES. BUT I'D CREDIT MY OWN IMAGINATION AS BEING RICHER!
MESSING ABOUT WITH DRUGS, LETTING THEM CHANGE YOU, TAKE YOU OVER, IT'S LIKE PLAYING A SHELL GAME.
BUT I'VE LOOKED UNDER SO MANY SHELLS, I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT THE PEA LOOKS LIKE!

UM, YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A FEW CHANGES LATELY, HAVEN'T YOU?
YEAH, AND IT'S NOT JUST FROM FIRING LIPPMAN*, OR TAKING UP WITH A NEW BAND.
I HONESTLY THINK THAT THE THIN WHITE DUKE WAS THE LAST LAYER OF ARMOR. PERHAPS I'M READY TO FACE THE WORLD AS SIMPLY, DAVID BOWIE!
*HIS NEW MANAGER, WHOM HE SUES FOR SKIMMING TOO LARGE A PERCENT OF HIS EARNINGS.
AND PART OF REGAINING MY ROOTS MUST INCLUDE COMING HOME, TO MERRIE OLD ENGLAND... FINALLY!
IT'S A SHAME I'VE ALREADY COMMITED TO DO YET ANOTHER BLOODY WORLD TOUR..
..BEGINNING THIS MONTH!
SECTION
SEC ROW SEAT
13 41 2
MAR. 22, 1976
PINK
YOUR ROCK 'N' ROLL REPORTER WAS JUST THIGH-HIGH TO A SPROUT WHEN BOWIE ROLLED INTO TOWN.
HERE I WAS EXPECTING A FLAMING, FOUR-ARMED MONSTER ...ONLY TO BE COOLY SERENADED BY A THIN, IMPECCABLY TAILORED CROONER WHO LOOKED FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A SCARLET-TRESSED FRANK SINATRA!
A SPARTAN BLACK SET WITH PURE LIQUID WHITE LIGHTS, WITH TONAL FX COURTESY OF CARLOS ALOMAR AND EX-YES MAN TONY KAYE. IT WAS A STARTLINGLY STRAIGHTFORWARD AND UNEXPECTED CONCERT...
...PARTICULARLY THE FILM WHICH OPENED THE SHOW, A BIZARRE 1922 SURREALIST SALVIDORE DALI/LUIS BUNUEL FILM "UN CHIEN ANDALOU."

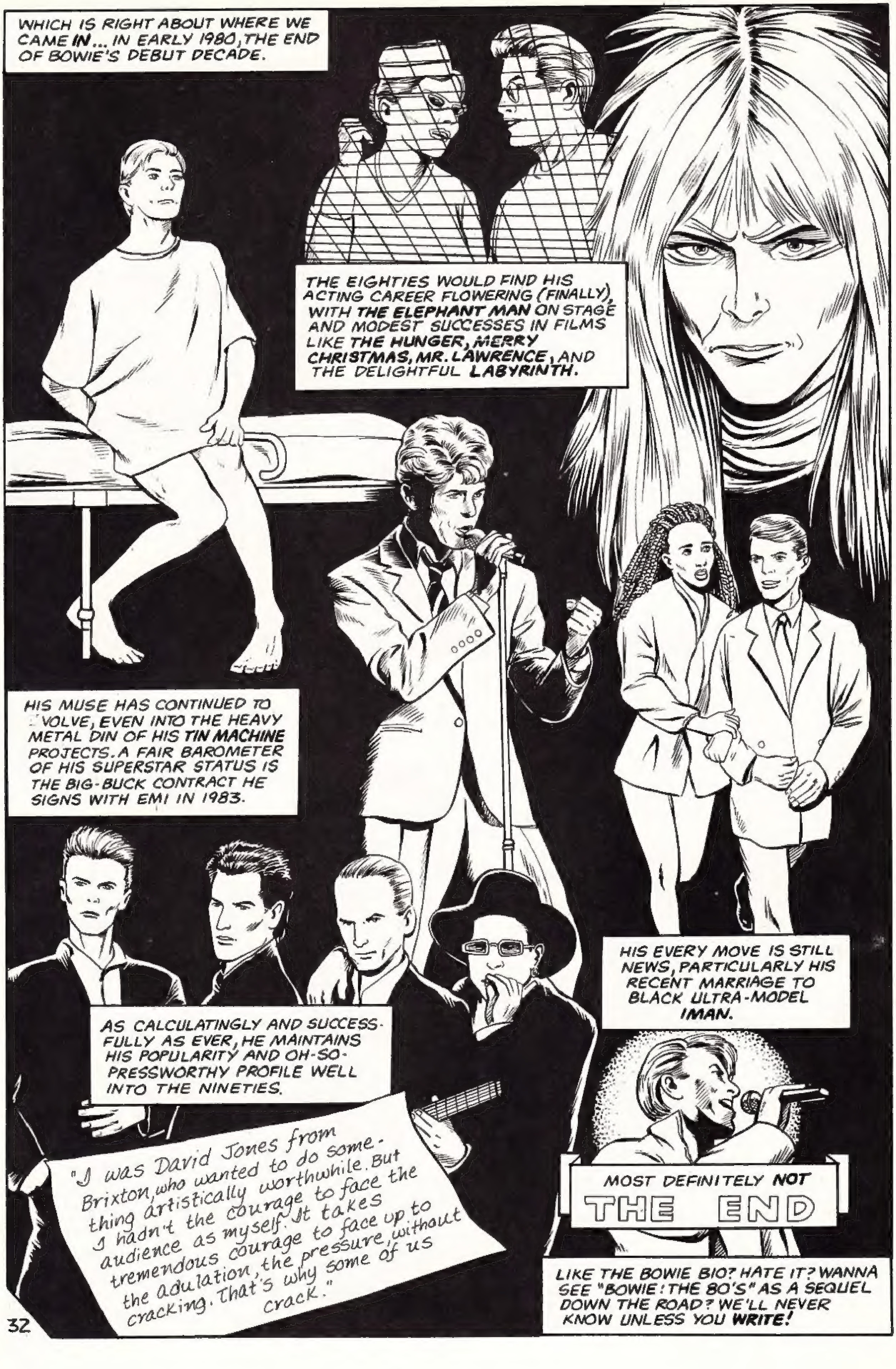
IN L.A., IGGY POP JOINS THE ROAD TRIP AS A TOUR MASCOT. BY MARCH, THEY'RE IN SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
WHAT'S WITH THE ELVIS POSE, DAVEY?
I'M PRACTICING MY KARATE. IT HELPS TO KEEP ME IN SHAPE, MAKE ME FEEL GOOD.
BIG DEAL. I CAN FEEL GOOD QUICKER, AND WITH HALF THE WORK. 'S CALLED SMACK.
UH UH, NOT FOR ME. NEVER LIKED IT.
TELL YOU WHAT, THOUGH. I DID BRING A FEW OUNCES OF POT TO TIDE ME THROUGH THE TOUR.
DON'T COUNT ON IT! FREEZE!!
BOWIE AND FRIENDS ARE RELEASED ON $2000 BAIL EACH. THE CASE IS LATER DROPPED.
AT THE RUSSIAN-POLISH BORDER.
VAT IST DIS?!
VE'LL BE CONFISCATING ZIS NAZI PROPAGANDA!
BUT... BUT IT'S JUST SOME BOOKS I'M USING FOR REFERENCE ON MODERN DAY MYTHOLOGIES!
MEETING THE PRESS IN STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.
I THINK BRITAIN COULD BENEFIT FROM A FASCIST LEADER! I MEAN, FASCISM IN ITS TRUE SENSE, NOT NAZI. AFTER ALL, FASCISM IS REALLY JUST NATIONALISM!
THE PRESS SEEMS TO MIS-READ EACH OF BOWIE'S POLITICAL STATEMENTS.
AND NOW THEY'VE REALLY GONE TOO FAR! THIS PHOTOGRAPHER TOOK A SHOT OF ME WAVING TO SOME PEOPLE, BUT THEY'RE MAKING LIKE IT'S SOME KIND OF NAZI SALUTE!
WHAT BOLLOCKS!

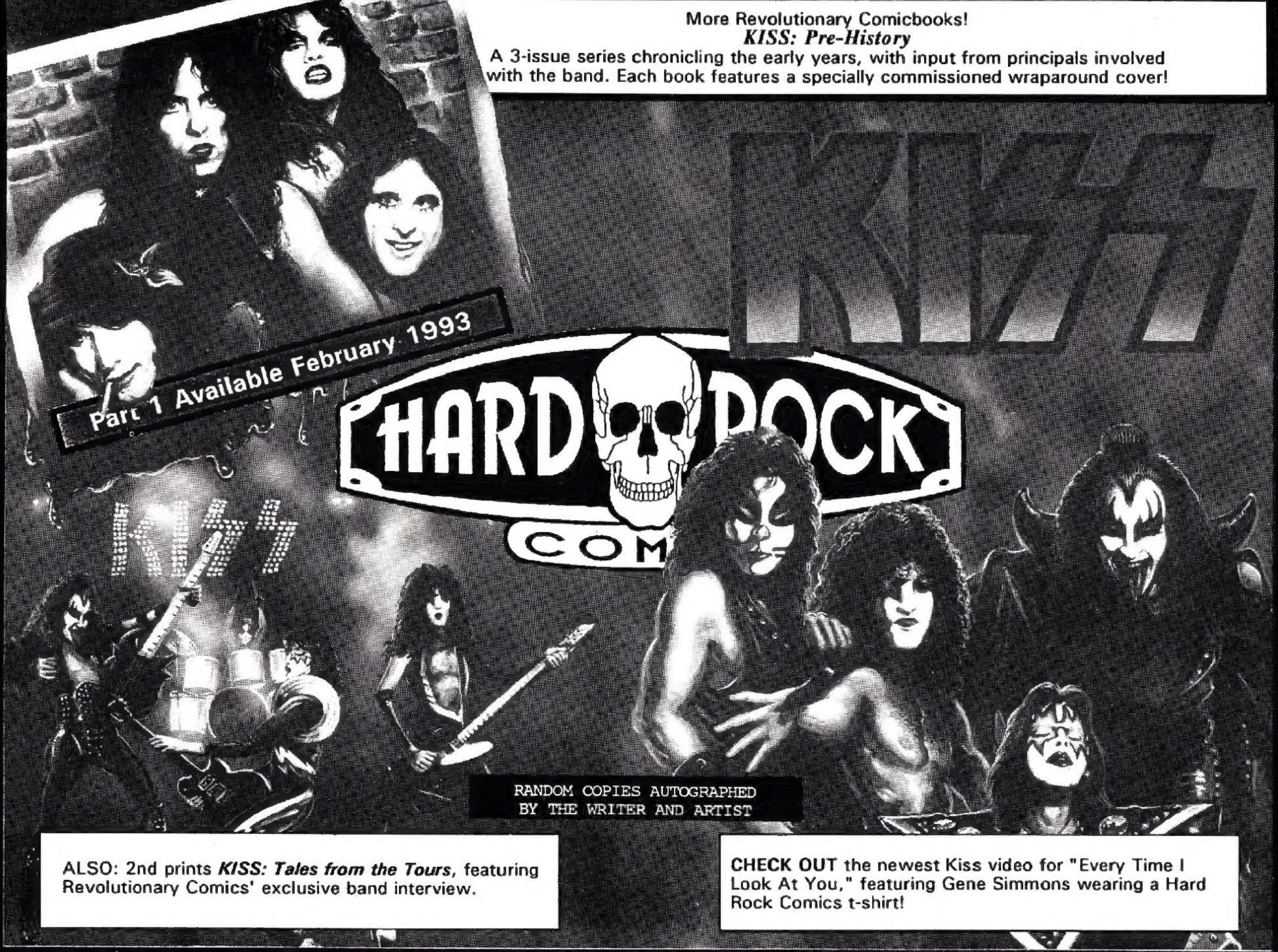

BACK IN THE U.K., AT WEMBLEY, BOWIE IS GREETED BACKSTAGE BY AVANT GARDE SYNTHESIST OF STYLES, BRIAN ENO.
I LOVE THE WAY YOU MIX ELECTRONIC SOUND, INDUSTRIAL NOISE, WITH POP MUSIC!
IT CAN BE MADE QUITE MELODIC, OR AT LEAST ANTHEMIC.
LIKE YOU DID WITH ROXY MUSIC!
THE TOUR WRAPS UP, A GREATEST HITS COMP IS RELEASED, AND BOWIE ANNOUNCES HIS FAMILY MOVE TO SWITZERLAND, TO SET UP HOUSE WITH ANGIE AND 5 YEAR OLD ZOWIE. HOWEVER, IN ACTUALITY, HE GOES OFF TO GERMANY WITH IGGY WHERE HE RENTS AN APARTMENT IN WEST BERLIN.
IT'S IN ARTIST'S ALLEY, IN THE TURKISH DISTRICT, RIGHT ABOVE A BAR AND NEXT TO A GAY COFFEEHOUSE!
SOUNDS, UM, LOVELY. I CAN'T WAIT TO RECORD IN THIS HELLHOLE!
HE RECORDS WITH IGGY, AND THEN ENTERS THE STUDIO WITH HIS NEW TECHNOCRAT FRIEND AND MUSICAL CO-CONSPIRATOR ...
HANSA STUDIOS
...ENO. TOGETHER, THEY WORK ON TRACKS BEGUN IN FRANCE.
BERLIN GIVES ME SOMETHING I DON'T GET FROM LONDON OR L.A., AN EDGE. A SHARP AND CLEAR-EYED ATTITUDE!
I'D GUESS THAT GETTING OFF THE DRUGS HAD A LOT TO DO WITH IT! THAT'S WHY YOU'RE FEELING SUCH EQUILIBRIUM.
A CHRISTMAS VISIT WITH ANGIE IN MONTREUX THROWS THAT "EQUILIBRIUM" OFF KILTER.
YOU THINK I'D MOVE TO THAT NAZI SEWER WITH YOU, YOU'RE CRAZY!
FINE, STAY HERE, BUT I'M TAKING ZOWIE AND HIS NANNY.

BOWIE AND ENO COLLABORATE ON A TRIO OF ARYAN, MILITARISTIC AND FUTURISTIC SOUNDS, MACHINEMUSIC FOR MUTANTS, SOME SAY. LOW CREATES A STIR WITH ITS UNEXPECTED FROZEN TECHNO SHEEN.
1977'S HEROES CONTINUES THE PLUNGE TOWARD DETACHED CYBERNETIC PSYCHEDALIA, WITH KING CRIMSONITE ROBERT FRIPP JOINING THE MIX. SIMULTANEOUS TO ITS RELEASE, BOWIE (SURPRISINGLY) CHOOSES TO BACK UP IGGY POP ON TOUR, PLAYING PIANO (FEW REALIZE IT'S BOWIE.)
THE THIRD MECHMUSICAL IS LODGER, OUT IN EARLY 1979. FEW, HOWEVER ARE AWARE OF THE THINGS GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES DURING THIS PERIOD.
HE'S A TERRIBLE FATHER... AND BUSINESSMAN! HE'S ESSENTIALLY KIDNAPPED LITTLE ZOWIE, AND ALL OUR MONEY'S GONE SINCE HE LET HIS MANAGER S ROB US BLIND!
FOR HIS PART, BOWIE SPENDS A CHUNK OF TIME WITH MARK BOLAN, FELLOW GLITTER-GLAM STAR.
WE COULD DO A FILM TOGETHER! IT'D BE THE BIGGEST!
AND A SOUNDTRACK, WITH EACH OF US DOING A SIDE OF MUSIC!
AND YOU'VE GOT TO PROMISE THAT YOU'LL SING ON MY TV SHOW, THIS FALL!
SEPTEMBER 9, 1977: BOWIE JAMS ON "MARC"
...AS WELL AS, A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, DUETING WITH BING CROSBY ON THE OLD CROONER'S CHRISTMAS SPECIAL (ON "THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY"). SADLY, CROSBY PASSES AWAY SOON.
HITTING EVEN CLOSER TO HOME, MARC BOLAN DIES AS WELL. HE'S KILLED IN LONDON, WHEN HIS GIRLFRIEND DRIVES HIS CAR OFF A ROAD WITH BOLAN AS HER UNLUCKY PASSENGER.

BOWIE IS JUST ARRIVING BACK IN SWITZERLAND WHEN HE GETS THE WORD.
OH... ...MY... ...GOD...
HIS DEPRESSION IS ONLY DEEPENING WHEN THE '77 HOLIDAYS FIND HIM BACK IN MONTREUX, WITH ZOWIE.
BUT ANGIE'S OFF GALAVANTING IN NEW YORK. SHE DIDN'T EVEN CALL ZOWIE FOR CHRISTMAS!
RING
DAVE, YOU'VE GOT A CONFIRMED STARTUP DATE FOR THE FILM*!
FINALLY, SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO FOR A CHANGE! A CHANCE TO WORK WITH THE DIVA OF DARE, MARLENE DIETRICH! IT'S BEEN SUCH A LONG TIME SINCE SHE MADE A MOVIE. I WONDER IF SHE KNOWS THAT I'VE BEEN COMPARED TO HER...
*AS THE LEAD IN JUST A GIGOLO.
UM, I'M AFRAID DAME DIETRICH ABSOLUTELY REFUSES TO STEP FOOT OUT OF FRANCE.
WE'LL HAVE TO FILM HER STUFF THERE, AND EDIT IT ON TO YOUR SCENES SO IT LOOKS AS IF YOU'RE IN THE SAME SHOTS!
THE MOVIE DOESN'T EXACTLY IGNITE HIS FALTERING FILM CAREER.
IT'S ESSENTIALLY ALL MY 32 ELVIS MOVIES, ROLLED INTO ONE.
JUST A GIGOLO
MARLENE DIETRICH
DAVID BOWIE

MORE PROBLEMS: ANGIE, ANGRY TO RETURN HOME ONLY TO FIND DAVID AND ZOWIE GONE, TAKES A FEW TOO MANY SLEEPING PILLS AND TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS.
LUCKILY, SHE ONLY INJURES HER NOSE, BUT THE REAL BREAK... BETWEEN HER AND DAVID... NEVER HEALS.
IN EARLY '78, AN ALBUM IS RELEASED WHICH FEATURES BOWIE READING PETER AND THE WOLF, BACKED BY THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA (AND INSPIRED BY ZOWIE).
AND THEN, WITH ZOWIE IN TOW, IT'S BACK TO THE CONCERT TRAIL, WITH HOTSHOT GUITARIST ADRIAN BELEW (ZAPPA'S BAND), BEGINNING IN SAN DIEGO*. THE TOUR IS COMMEMORATED WITH A DOUBLE LIVE ALBUM, STAGE.
* HOME OF THE COMIC-CON AND, EXACTLY TEN YEARS LATER, REVOLUTIONARY COMICS.
A SIDE-NOTE -- BOWIE HAS PROVEN TYPICALLY AHEAD OF HIS TIME BY SHOOTING SOME PROMOTIONAL VIDEOS FOR HIS HEROES ALBUM. CONTINUING IN THAT VEIN, HE DOES LODGER PROMOS LIKE "DJ" AND THE INFAMOUS "BOY'S KEEP SWINGING", BREAKING OUT THE TOTAL TRANSVESTITE GEAR.
RECREATING AN ACT HE'D SEEN IN A DRAG CABARET, HE SYMBOLICALLY SMEARS OFF THE EFFEMINATE MAKE-UP...
...TO APPEAR HARLEQUIN-FRAGILE FOR HIS '80'S DEBUT DISK, SCARY MONSTERS.
ASHES TO ASHES
FUNK TO FUNKY
WE KNOW MAJOR
TOM'S A JUNKIE


WHICH IS RIGHT ABOUT WHERE WE CAME IN... IN EARLY 1980, THE END OF BOWIE'S DEBUT DECADE.
THE EIGHTIES WOULD FIND HIS ACTING CAREER FLOWERING (FINALLY), WITH THE ELEPHANT MAN ON STAGE AND MODEST SUCCESSES IN FILMS LIKE THE HUNGER, MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. LAWRENCE, AND THE DELIGHTFUL LABYRINTH.
HIS MUSE HAS CONTINUED TO EVOLVE, EVEN INTO THE HEAVY METAL DIN OF HIS TIN MACHINE PROJECTS. A FAIR BAROMETER OF HIS SUPERSTAR STATUS IS THE BIG-BUCK CONTRACT HE SIGNS WITH EMI IN 1983.
HIS EVERY MOVE IS STILL NEWS, PARTICULARLY HIS RECENT MARRIAGE TO BLACK ULTRA-MODEL IMAN.
AS CALCULATINGLY AND SUCCESSFULLY AS EVER, HE MAINTAINS HIS POPULARITY AND OH-SO-PRESSWORTHY PROFILE WELL INTO THE NINETIES.
"I was David Jones from Brixton, who wanted to do something artistically worthwhile. But I hadn't the courage to face the audience as myself. It takes tremendous courage to face up to the adulation, the pressure, without cracking. That's why some of us crack."
MOST DEFINITELY NOT THE END
LIKE THE BOWIE BIO? HATE IT? WANNA SEE "BOWIE: THE 80'S" AS A SEQUEL DOWN THE ROAD? WE'LL NEVER KNOW UNLESS YOU WRITE!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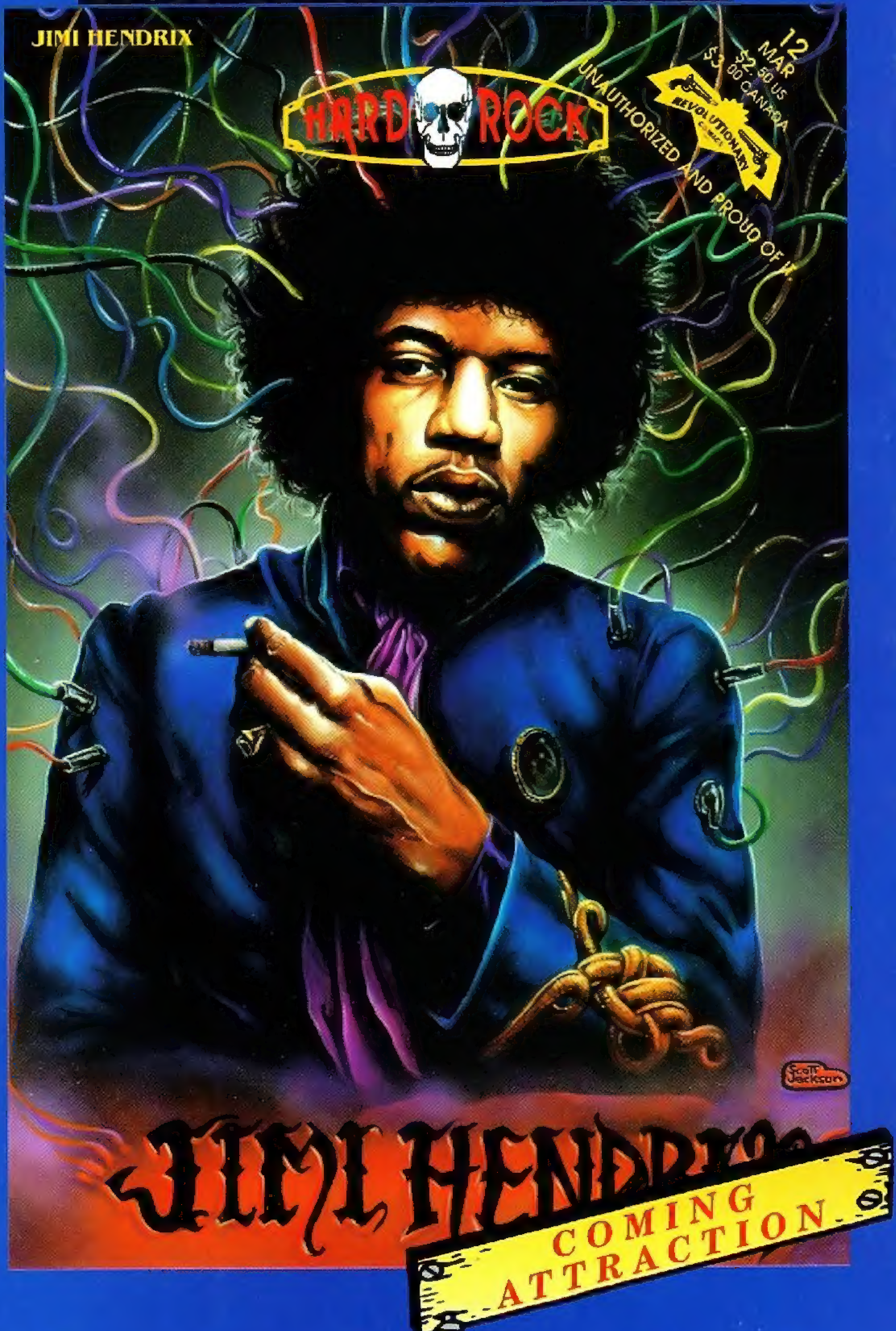
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